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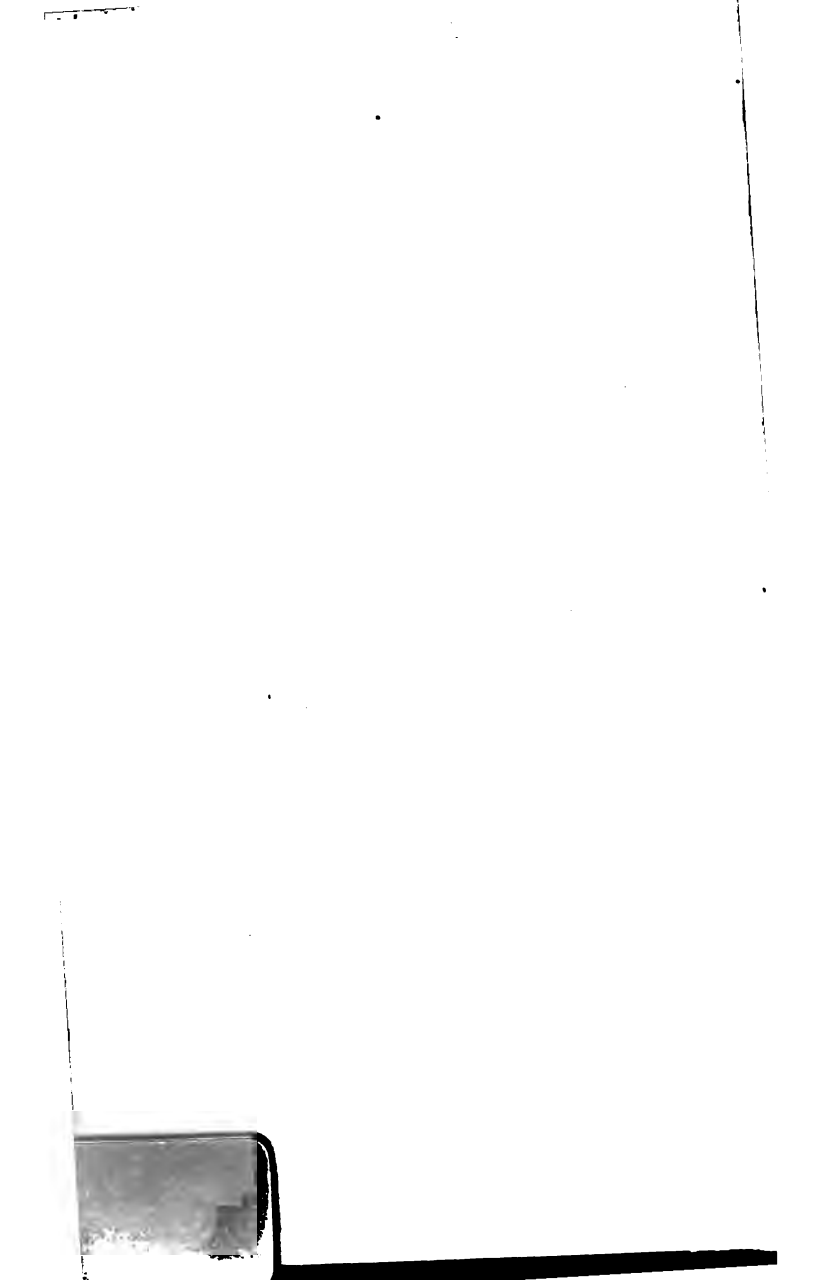


MAMMON.

A SPIRIT SONG

BY

LOUIS M. ELSHENUS.



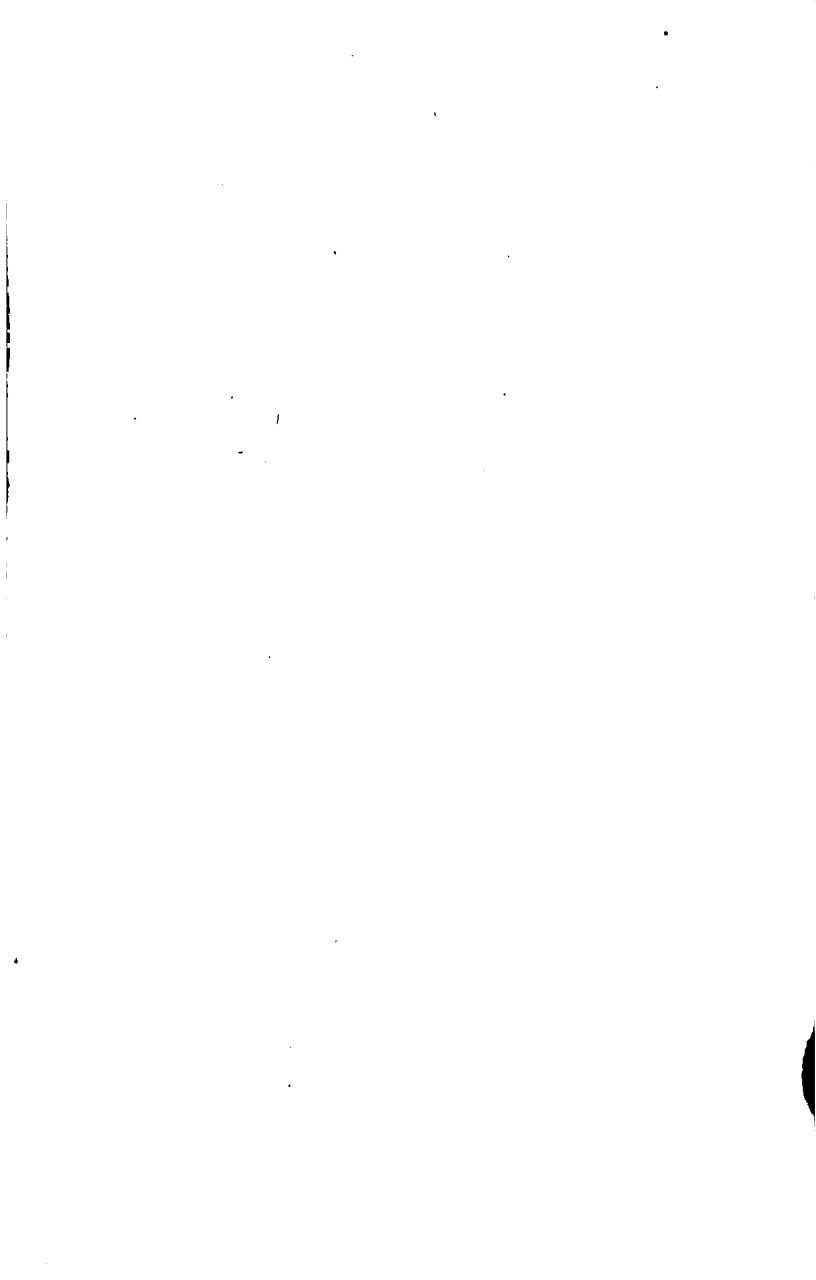
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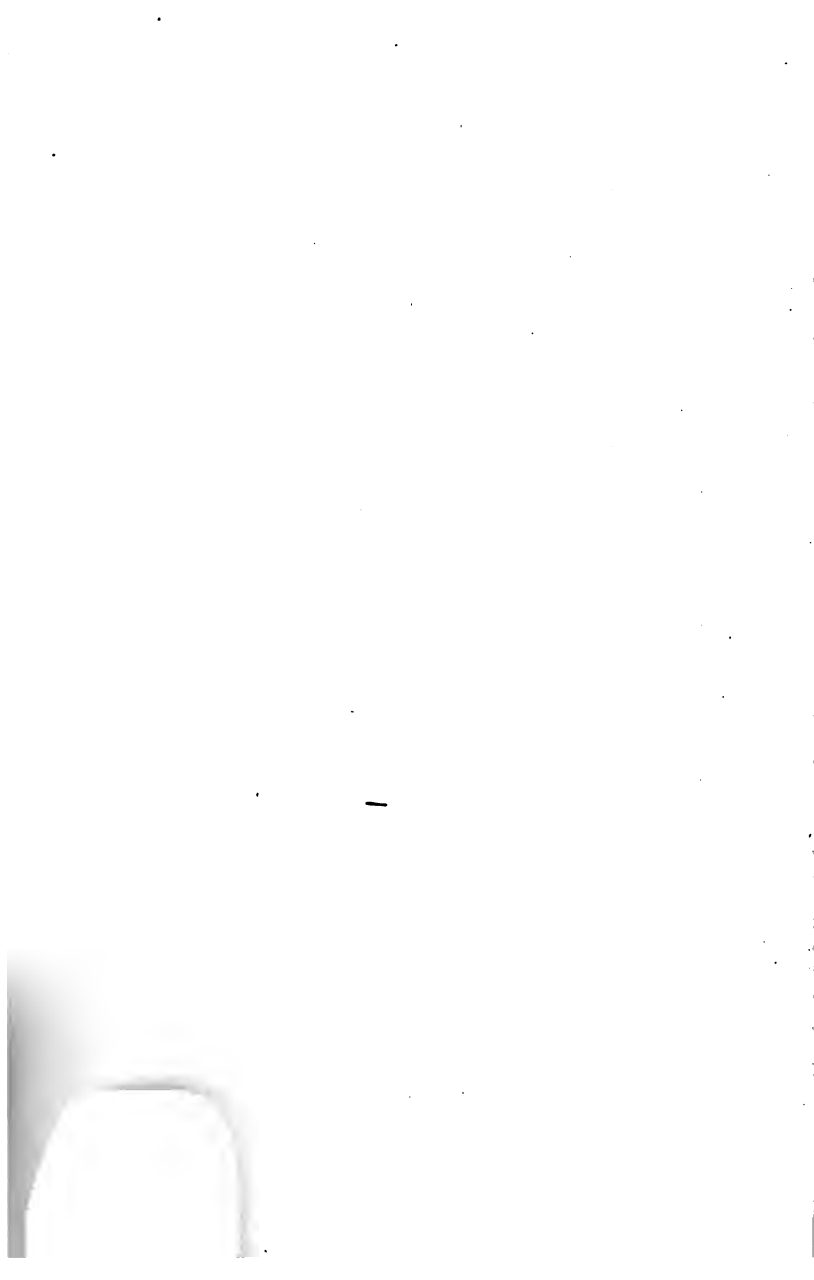
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OM.

MAMMON.

A SPIRIT-SONG.

BY
LOUIS M. ^IEL^ISH^IEMUS,

*Author of "The Moods of a Soul," "Songs of Spring,"
"Lady Vere," Etc.*

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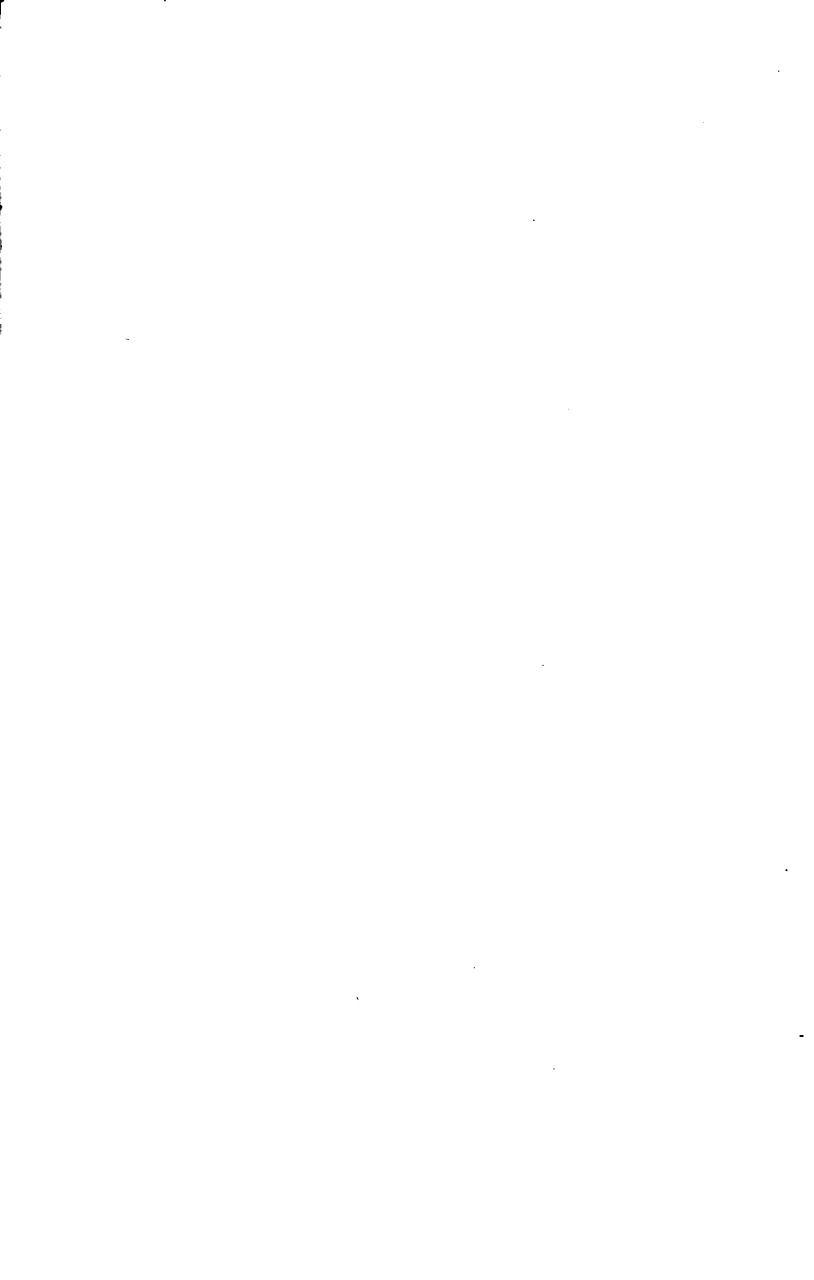
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DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER.

Pertinax, 21 Jun. 97. 94 &

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OM.

MAMMON.

—

A SPIRIT-SONG.

PART I.

SCENE I.

A VALLEY IN THE HIMALAY. A FARM.

The *Spirit of Calm* rests on a lawn and contemplates the surroundings.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

This air hath fresh, sweet quietude that soothes
Even my fair serenity. A song
Would better suit this sanctitude than dream
Here on this sun-kissed lawn, with flowers strown.

(*She sings :*)

All seems so still here in this vale,
Come ill or pain,
They would lose all their color pale,
Their sorrows' bane.
Comes sadness here, she would be hail;
For here sweet quiet doth prevail.

MAMMON—A SPIRIT-SONG.

Come, settle on my spirit-hand,
 Fair butterfly.
No wind doth rush through all this land;
 But here the sky
Shines azure, while slow breezes bland
Whisper tales from far Samarcand.

The vale winds to yon mountain-feet,
 Proud Himalay;
The huts and houses lie so sweet
 Along the way,
While slow the river's waves do fleet,
And high the peaks the heavens meet.

From yon neat hut comes forth a lass
 In simple dress;
And there in shade, upon the grass,
 Her loveliness
She doth to rest betake, while pass
Above her scuds of crysoprase !

No sounds uproarious rise to slay
 The quietude ;
But all lies soft adown, and day,
 As prophets would,
Sings orisons or liquid lay :
So calm and health and sun-hours stay.

How fair it is to gaze on beauty's face,
While sleep makes placid every feature there.
She's sleeping! Hush! A spirit sleeps; no bold
Upbraider, like a vampire o'er some fold
Of fowl, could stroke her brow, lest she awake,
And show her eyes, like early morn, half lost
Yet in the dreams of dawn with paly stars!
But here no unkind men disturb life's calm.
As rests in confidence the large bell-flower,
Just where my foot doth touch its stem, so here
Sleep may imprint her kiss on any lass
Forgetful of rude hands or intrusion low.
I know the reason: here no marts infect
The pure heart prompted only by sweet good;
No low desire for useless riches rules
The mind; but nature's fresh, inspiring air,
Her fruitage luscious, and her woods so cool,
Her languid breezes, and her skies serene,
They lull the soul, well satisfied with all
That nature gives, with what she gifts the mind.
And thus Life is an everlasting scene
Of happiness; and modest pleasures sweet
Lend social hours through all the love-blessed years.
Ah! now her lids are trembling, like a leaf
When from its twig a rose-bird flew away.
They open! See, the pupils, how they glow!
One ray of sun falls on her raven hair,
And diamonds glitter now. Hush! I will hide—

Here, back of these tall flowers, and keep so still
 No mortal would e'er know a spirit stayed
 Back of a threadlike stem. Hush! Hush! Her arms
 She moves, and now she gapes so languidly.
 I see the air is flooded calm with honey,
 For I can see what mortals never can.
 Hush! Hush! I'm like a vernal essence fine!

Country-lass awakes.

AROWINDA (*speaks*).

Not here yet! Orjood! wherefore such delay?

(*Looks down the valley.*)

Ah! there he comes! (*rubs her eyes*) Ah! me!

sweet sleep was kind;

Though drowsy yet, I feel more freshened far
 Than aft'r a bath. Orjood! dear love! make haste!
 I feel his kiss before he's twenty feet
 Away from me. Oh! hasten! But he comes!
 That space and time should so intrude upon
 Our wishes being realized at once,
 And patience should lose strength to wait for love!

(*She lies at length, and yawns.*)

SPIRIT OF CALM.

How lovely she doth lie at length in shade
 Of those fair trees, with bunchy flowers shot,
 As on an Almeh's gauze the shimmering stars

Of gold. The tender spirit of rare love
 Invests her heart, and as she yawns, with arms
 Aback of her dark head, her body feels
 The sense when her love's nearness thrills her blood.

AROWINDA (*rises*).

Oh ! Orjood ! I have waited long, although
 I saw you walk past yon fair oak tree broad.

(*Kisses him.*)

ORJOOD (*kisses*).

Sweet Arowinda ! soon to be my wife !
 How can I make thee feel assured that all
 The love thou bearest me doth build my strength,
 And that thy kisses are like wine to me !

(*They lie down at ease.*)

Aye, father is full fain that we should wed ;
 Thy sire is satisfied with farm and stock ;
 Hence let us thank the Heaven for our lot.
 We saw each other ; loved at once ; and now,
 All after many months, we still do love.
 There is now naught that frustrates our marriage,
 Save death ! But here sweet nature kindly works
 And smiles on health, and wishes all men well.
 So, give me thy neat hand, so, bound to each,
 Our hearts be softly tied by love's fine sense,
 Whom Heaven guides.

AROWINDA,

Yes, here it is, Orjood !
 The bliss I feel doth soothe me, and, it seems,
 I am like air that lips the summer lake
 When dallying, slow breezes flute alone,
 Leaving the gentle vines to their own dreams.
 Sleep with me, while the afternoon is yet
 So drowsy, warm, and fraught with perfume fine.
 O! now I sleep. Come! lay thy head on me
 And sleep!

ORJOOD :

Sweet! yes! So; does my head disturb
 The heaving of thy bosom? No? Ah! well!
 Soft dreams will be dear cradled by the swells,
 Oh! gentle, of thy bosom. So! My hand
 In thine! Soft sleep! bind us with love's fair wreath!
 (*They sleep.*)

SPIRIT OF CALM :

O! hover about their eyes
 Ye spirits of the skies.
 Soft, soft,
 And as sweet lilies bending o'er a stream
 So bend ye over each dear dream;
 Then from aloft
 Spend to them sweetnesses,

Sweeter than amrit of bees.

Hover as hovers

The butterfly o'er flowers.

Beguiling the hours

Of sleep of those lovers.

Sing low, sing low,

A lullaby of love,

While sunshine's glow

Floats o'er this grove !

They are assembling. See their spirit-dress !
A fluid form that moves elastic-wise,
Then shifts as mulse beneath the ocean-wave.
Their spirit-dress ! They seem like vapors scant
When breezes make them feign couth draperies
On slender maids, way in the azure high ;
Yet they are all unseen by mortal eyes ;
As power that lifts a weight, when to a bell
Freed of all air, of sudden to it streams
Pure air, the bell is lifted and suspended.
But now I hear their singing—let me listen !

SPIRITS OF SLEEP.

As the wavelet soft-cradled

By the breezes of morn,

So the mind is, that's sleeping,

To sweet trusting is born.

MAMMON—A SPIRIT—SONG.

Free of conscience that's evil,
 Free of guilt and of wrong ;
 To that heart we are giving
 Only fairest of song.

We are soothers of sorrow ;
 Not one trouble we bring ;
 To the just, to the loving,
 We sweet canticles sing.

For these lovers we hover
 O'er their dreams, so they fare
 Like the summer-morn's freshness,
 Like the mellow noon-air.

SPIRITS OF DREAMS (*they sing*):

We are those messengers of fate
 Who tell to sleeping mortals
 What will be passing, soon or late,
 Before their life's high portals.

We minister unseen

To those who slumber calm in Rest's own sheen !

They sleep ; their senses to the world
 Are closed, and locked their hearts ;
 But we so quickly have unfurled
 That hidden curtain that so thwarts
 The reasoning sage—though old ;
 For we to listening sleepers truth unfold.

We are like flashes in the mind ;
To those who sleep we secrets tell ;
'Tis their own fault if they don't find
A sense that is prophetic ;
For we are showing now
How Love will burst like blossoms on a bough !
(*They sing on.*)

SPIRIT OF CALM.

No touch of guilt doth groove their brows, serene
As is a pool by Manza's flood, where grow
Nelumbae white, or those with rosèd tips,
So placid is each brow ; nor do I hear
A breath, save that which natural breathing rules.
Born here in dear communities, where love
And social friendship find fair homes secure,
Why fear ? why dread ? No heart with envy fired
Wishes his neighbor evil ; nor doth crime,
Which breedeth where wry sloth and poverty
Combine their wretched influences, find
Abode. This valley, with the Himalays
An ever-present guardian hoar and grand,
Inspires in all hearts sweet peace, good will
Towards others. How can else than virtue thrive,
And how can aught but sweet contentment glow,
And fair congenial spirits sway all men,
And soften women's hearts ? Sing, sing, sing on,

You spirits, hovering o'er those enamored souls !
 The All-Creator works alway when least
 We think He doth. Perchance e'en now they feel
 An influence soft and beneficial—aye,
 It seems I see her smiling, while a tint
 Of rosy red spreads o'er her cheeks. I deem
 It is a dream, whose strong reality
 Made her blood tepid. But full-sweeter song
 Now fills my spirit-ear ; too sweet it is
 To let my temperate meditation rule.
 (*Listens.*)

CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF SLEEP AND OF DREAMS.

SPIRITS OF SLEEP.

We have power to show
 To those asleep
 Scenes that lifelike glow
 Of woodlands deep—
 Of sea-crag steep ;
 Or beings, with their lips sweet-moving
 That swell words dear and loving.

SPIRITS OF DREAMS.

Then come we spelling those who're sleeping
 Till they themselves audible speech are keeping.

SPIRITS OF SLEEP.

We have influence fine
O'er those that sleep ;
We let the fair sun shine,
Though they are deep
In darkness then,
Bereft of ken ;
We sing to them, and they see round them living
Real beings, pleasure giving.

SPIRITS OF DREAMS.

Then come we spelling those who're sleeping
Till they themselves audible speech are keeping.

CHORUS:

We are those subtle powers,
That when weak mortals sleep
No earthly senses keep ;
Quick to their inner eyes
We show them summer-showers,
Or let them talk, or walk,
Or sail 'neath azure skies ;
In short, all that alive
They do we to them give,
With freedom rare to move,
To act—even to think,

Absorbed by meadow-brink ;
 Yet though their eyes be closed,
 And darkness them surrounds,
 At once, sweet light's disclosed,
 New life their soul confounds.

SPIRITS OF DREAMS.

Sweet sisters, spirits of sleep, sing, sing ;
 You for us sweetest laboring bring.

SPIRITS OF SLEEP.

We gladly keep sweet watch for mortal eyes
 To see them close so eye-sight dies.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

Soft as the tinkle of a bud light-touched
 By bee homewandering, sweet-dying is their song ;
 As, through the lotus-leaves, the May breeze,
 At moon-rise warm. Now stillness sweet entones
 Her singing all again ! I must hide yet ;
 For from yon coppice come two men ; they take
 The path that leadeth up this meadow-hill.
 Ah ! They must know the sleepers, for one points
 This way, then, smiling, talketh to his comrade.
 Now both are hastening hitherward. Hush ! Hush !

ARZUHD.

Sst ! Sst ! They sleep !

PANTAYABAB.

Their arms entwined—how sweet !

ARZUHD.

At view of this my courting hours return.
We must not wake them.

PANTAYABAB.

True ; it would be mean
Indeed. We'll to yon bush to talk it over.

ARZUHD.

Well, slumber is a blessing of great Brahm,
And doth not love, so innocent as there
It doth display itself, seem sweeter so
When trust engenders fearless sleep for either !
(*They move to the bush and sit down on grass.*)

ARZUHD.

This love-knot will be true ; he loves thy daughter.

PANTAYABAB.

And she your son. 'Tis all that's needed, friend,
I have my farm well stocked ; your granaries
Are plenished ; so none need to fret for bread.
They love each other. Ah ! what more is needed !

ARZUHD.

Yes, they are blessed ! High Krishna breathed on them,
And may each heart and soul be knit to each
Even as one season to the other is—
By threads invisible, yet keenly felt !

PANTAYABAB.

So be it ! Now that we are both convinced
They love with true affection, let us hence,

ARZUHD.

We'll tell it to Nardaya and to Uzzud ;
They will be well content. Soft ! Step lightly,
Lest the dry crisp of some stray leaf might startle
Them from their slumber.

PANTAYABAB.

Fear not, friend. We'll hence
As quietly, unobservèd as we came.
Soft ! There's a branch. Tread thou aside, So, so !
Now, farewell to love's happy dream !

ARZUHD.

Ah ! add :

Full thanks to Brahm for love that thrills our being !
(*They are back of hill.*)

AROWINDA (*awakes*).

He sleeps yet ! I will not kiss him ; 'twould awake him.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

She seems like dawn tipped with bright scuds aflame.

AROWINDA.

I'll wait till his lids open by the touch
Of nature. Yes, I'll gather flowers fair
And wreathe his curls. Now gently, Arowinda—
Ha ha—'twill be so sweet to see him smile.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

How like a barge flaunting her banners gay
Adown the Ganges old, when Yoni's hour
Prompts festive thoughts ; how like a rose, alone
In Bhabâr's vernant gloom, she seems. She is
Youth, plucking blossoms for her lover's head—
Youth, confident that all will prosper well—
Brimful of dreams ! How like a sky aglow
With ether saturate with warm sunrays

Her mind must be ; with no slim cloud to herald
 A coming storm, or fleck her bright soul's roundure
 With dark ill-bodings for her future days !
 So can we judge of mankind's deviltries
 To sow rose-seeds in virgin hearts, then grow
 From them in after-years dark hellebores !
 Ah ! Krishna is the soft all-seeing one ;
 She knows to weave a gauze of light around
 The lover's mind ! She leads by subtle means
 The loving heart away from lust and grossness
 To live by the loved one in hallowed trust.
 See her ! She plucks each flower while a smile
 Encarnadines her chubby cheeks ; then see
 Her gaze toward him who sleeps yet, while she flings
 A bloom his way, and utters : " Dear ! My dear !"
 But now he wakes ! Sweet sight to see them kiss each other

ORJOOD.

Where hath she gone ? Ah ! smelling flowers. My love !
 Come back ! Oh ! love herself could not disport
 As Arowinda in her graceful steps doth hasten
 Back to my arms !

AROWINDA.

These kisses—now this wreath
 For thee.

ORJOOD.

Fond favors of a loving lass, a kiss :
 Then, sweet receiving flowers—they, love's language.
 Dear Arowinda ! Thou fair helpmeet mine ,
 Thus life needs naught for sweet contentment's fill.
 When lovers marry, life can stand all shocks
 Save separation ! Come, let us walk down-road,
 Where Assam's paths meander with the curves
 Of Ganges' children ; then homewards, where love
 Is waiting to unite us, so all may know
 We are a wedded twain, to live for love
 Always !

AROWINDA.

And I can love thee all in all !
 O ! sweet 'twill be !
 (*They walk away.*)

SPIRIT OF CALM.

Life's utmost will be theirs !
 Now can I lie asun again, and shed
 My influence over all the glorious scene.
 From what I heard, those people must be wise
 To hearken to the whispers of fair nature,
 And make them their own laws ; for such is good.
 To nature mortals owe their life, so they

To nature ought to owe obedience true ;
Then little distress can be, as here, in sooth— •
In villages on this earth's fairest vale,
Sweet Assam, prone before the Himalays.
Life's crown is wedded love, obedient aye
To nature's biddings, remindful of High Branm !

INTERLUDE.

SONGS OF THE AUSTRALIAN OCEAN.

DAWN AND MORNING.

Wearily are welling my bubbling waves,
While the gray-streaked east grows livid.
I splash them 'gainst the gull-loved caves,
Where the rock-rose red is more than vivid.
Wearily, wearily at dawn
My waves' froth is skyward drawn.

A jasmine-breath spreads o'er the east ;
The streaks of gray turn golden ;
A spurt of light, as at King's night-feast
When the minstrel sang ballads olden,
Leaps to the heavens, while over me
Gold flashes all so splendorously.

Then welter in sheen, in splendor fair,
 My waves in the radiancy of morning ;
 While my spume flickers in the jubilant air,
 And my crests are all my deep-blue adorning ;
 Then all my myriad tongues I fletch
 From the surf way o'er my boundless stretch !

NOON.

The sun is on high, and tremulous silver he
 Leaves on part of my bosom that's cradled away.
 Calm airs float o'er me, and so tranquilly
 The gull sails in th' empyrean's state array ;
 While I'm so glad. I glow, while lying
 In softly-heaving ease, with "plash" and "chud" my song.

EVENING.

Sing, sing in thy lurching way,
 Brave vessel, far from thy haven ;
 The clouds in the west are gray,
 With caps my waves are now paven.
 Beware! Beware!
 The sun was golden when he set,
 And now the air
 With rising vapors hath grown wet.

Soon, soon from the eastern gate,
Brave vessel, far from thy haven,
The wild wind will whirl his hate ;
So will thy course be sharp paven
With monstrous waves ;
Now chilly blows the wind of even,
And no power saves
When storms do riot in cloud-racked heaven.

NIGHT.

Rise my waves higher
Than the mountainous shore ?
Fiercer than fire
Letches my froth evermore.
Rage ! storm above me,
Bound to all of thy might.
Aye, thou wilt love me
Through the long fearful night.
Seethe ! I can seethe,
Shudder, spit, and can shower
Spume, and can wreath
Like a pallid full flower
All of my froth
For the moan of thy wind.
Storm, art thou loth
Seethe with me, when thou, blind,
Blind to love's eyes

Rollest savagely there
High in the skies,
Where thou tearest thy hair?
Come! I will mingle
All my waters with thine.
Nevermore single,
But with thine I'll combine
All of my powers.
Nay, forgive me my boast;
Thou hast the hours
Under lock; and the host—
Host of the winds,
Thou alone hast 'neath thee!
Hence my joy finds
Thee superior to me.
I must await
Thy shrill wind's wild entoning;
So I'm elate
When I hear thy fierce groaning.
Storm! raise my life
To thy turmoil and swell.
Storm! There is rife
What I dote on so well.
I will be thou,
All my waters for thee;
Hear me, storm, now
There is pleasure for me!
What! art thou breaking?

Scarce my love for thee plighted,
 Highest clouds taking
Their low thunder dense-lighted,
 In the swift lightning?
Art thou truant to me?
 Prone to be fright'ning
Me with all thy great glee?
 Higher thy clouds
From my waves are far wandering ;
 Farther the shrouds
That dwell all thy hoarse thundering.
 See ! in the rift,
In the space, a large moon,
 Heaven adrift,
For the mariner a boon !
 Sailing aslow,
A fair majesty high,
 Dead'ning the blow
Of thy winds in the sky ;
 There, opposite
To her white orb serene
 Two bows of white,
Archèd perfect, with sheen
 Not on this earth
Hath such hue e'er been known—
 Wonderful birth
Of moon-rainbow alone !
 Ah ! Thou dost lose

Thy dread whistle and blare ;
Moonlight doth choose
To ensilver the air.
Yet are my waves
Mountain high ; but their swash
No more harsh raves
With their sullen, weird dash,
Bow to yon sphere,
Thou wroth storm, and confess
Over thee rear
Greater powers their stress ;
Welter my waves,
While the rainbow hath died ;
One power saves,
To him nought is denied,
Even o'er me
Strange power hath sway ;
I am not free—
At the shore I must stay !

SCENE II.

A VILLAGE IN GREECE.

A square.

FIRST PUBLIC MAN.

Euclid, from this day forth a change must be ;
Too weary of e'er giving sheep as pay ;
Or for a day of labor we should tend
To him a strip of pergament, till thirty
Strips will entitle him to the possession
Of one fat calf.

SECOND PUBLIC MAN.

Well, peace, my friend—'twill do—
What else should serve as fair exchange, or show
That he was full awarded for his toil ?

FIRST PUBLIC MAN :

Euclid, your wit hath left you. Listen now.
 As barter must have life, and the old way
 To pay off goodly labor by disposal
 Of some fair property of the employer,
 There shall exist a given object showing
 The labor's value, and for which, if needed,
 He can obtain not only sheep, but what
 His own requirements prompt. Dost see it now ?

SECOND PUBLIC MAN.

Exactly as thou dost see it, I cannot say.
 However, pray explain explicitly.

FIRST PUBLIC MAN.

Thou stolid fellow! Well, more words will help
 To understand it better. What is needed
 Is some just unit—instead of bulls or sheep
 Some indestructible object, portative,
 With an impression on it, stating clear
 How many sheep it may procure for one.
 Euclid, then barter will become less complex.
 Say, we shall take some metal, shape it then
 In fine proportion, press a certain figure
 Upon its surface, then proclaim abroad
 That it will serve as sheep, steers, bulls, or others ;

And whoso has the metal, 'tis as owning
A certain number of fine bulls.

SECOND PUBLIC MAN.

Ah! Now

I comprehend. No bother then to call
For cattle, when I wish to reward my gard'ner,
But he'll receive a piece of metal valued
As are ten sheep; but we must now decide
The shape, the weight, and what to imprint on it.

FIRST PUBLIC MAN.

Ha! Hath Minerva breathed upon thy brow?
At last slight wit hath reilluminated thy mind.
Yes, we shall think upon it, Euclid. Come!
We'll to the Senator, lay its importance
Before him, so my bright idea will be
Renowned.

SECOND PUBLIC MAN.

We will; to-day.

FIRST PUBLIC MAN.

Well, let us hasten.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

ON MT. EVEREST.

SPIRIT OF TIME (*Lying on a mountain sword*).

Here let me muse, with intermittent view
Upon the widest vale, that stretches far
On Earth, my smallest caravansary
Within the infinite realm of God. Ah, me!
Since the white race hath found a medium rare
As currency, it doth delight me now
The different nations to compare at ease.
How they invented coins, and how some tribes
Will still adhere to their ancestral customs.
I yet remember that that race that lives
In fair Ilwarra has no unit stern
As currency; but one tribe loads man's shoulders
With tough green stones, prized for the make of hatchets,
And travel with them to their neighbor's land,
There to exchange them for red earth, with which

They smear their bodies thwart. And I recall
That even while fierce war was raging wild,
When men with those two products passed, at once.
Hostilities suspended were, till, free
From harm, those bearers could pursue their path.
In sooth, no evil passions breed there vile
As in those countries where the Hudson flows,
Or where the Thames its sluggish course
Pursues ; but there, where Sidney found its site
In olden days, simplicity of mind
Was only known. Yet, I lean over all
And care not what my junior fate ordains.
Aye, I remember, ages gone, the ox
Was used as payment, or the cattle prized.
In lovely Erin as exchange (oh ! shame !)
A cumhall served, which was a female slave.
Now still in far-down Afric human souls
Furnish the traders units low of values.
In Norway corn and cereals current were.
Tobacco 'twixt the colonists and Britons
In North America ; and otter-skins
In Canada, where the strong Iroquois
Traded for goods with French and British men.
In those young days few crimes, few suicides,
Were prevalent, and poverty had pales
And did not run wild as in these sad hours.
Ah ! what new tendencies, what passions low
Arose, when the world knew a piece of gold

Could buy a kingdom, or a name, or fill
A mind with murderous thought, and, worst of all,
That God and Love grew withered in its power !

INTERLUDE.

SONG OF THE CLOUDS.

Over the mountains and plains
We fly away—
Away—
Watching what power reigns
Through sun's long day—
Warm day—
On earth—the planet earth.

Sweet was man's Eden of yore
With love alone—
Alone—
Fair the first children Eve bore,
Their souls aglow—
Aglow—
With all of Nature's worth.

Jealousy spread like a fog

All o'er their life ;

And strife

Bit them as doth a wild dog.

Possession urged them

(And scourged them)

To sin, and forsake their souls.

Power they wanted ; they held it ;

But in its wake

A snake,

Coiling and hissing—naught quelled it—

Wound. Men now toil

And toil,

All seeking useless goals.

Fair were the children of Eden,

By nature led

And fed ;

Hearts with low greed are now laden,

And riches wins,

And sins

By wealth are palliated low.

Over the mountains and plains
We fly, and see—
So free—
All that on earth rules or reigns,
Through night and day—
Fair day—
While dreaming where no wind doth blow.

PART II.

SCENE I.

THE BIRTH OF GREED AND THE DESIRE TO CHEAT.

(A street in ancient Athens. Strabo and Crichton walking.)

CRICHTON.

Nay, Strabo, thou dost wrong me. This day forth
My bartering with you shall be stricter—aye,
I stipulate, my terms will find more law,
More rules.

STRABO.

What of it, Crichton, I have tried
My best ; but 'twas that wretched Caedmon's tongue
That led me buy more bales of silk than usual.

Thou understand me rightly. When I said
It was against the orders of my house,
He smiled, and, grinning, said, " Why tell thy man ?
He will not know of it till one week after ;
By that time thou'lt have sold them, and perhaps
Made money for thyself."

CRICHTON.

Stop, Strabo, stop !

(Aside) What devil-thought doth now possess my mind ?
Ha ! *(Aloud.)* Stop ! I see into the drift so low
Of his cute argument. 'Tis well I heard
Thy truthful words. No harm done this one time ;
But in the future, Strabo, keep my orders !

STRABO.

I shall. Now I must leave you. Fare thee well !
(Exit.)

CRICHTON.

Light ! Light ! Ah ! that one in my own employ
Should lead me to this brilliant scheme, though low ;
Yet, Hades cares not if one more be his.
He said that Caedmon used him like a bait

To catch me! And that he proposed to him
A way to make him richer than he is.
Great Zeus! This confession is the key
To one great golden door that leads direct
To wealth. To this fair day I've dealt always
Most honorably, giving for others' goods
Just value; now I'll use that Caedmon's means
And ask more than their real value claims.
And as that Caedmon talked big lies to Strabo,
So will I to my dealers. Thou, fair friend,
Dear Currency, wilt yet become a god
As sure as in this Crichton's mind lies wit,
And in his heart is ample baseness stored
To brave disgrace. Hm! I can see it now!
That trader in rare silks had told to Caedmon
That he should talk to Strabo flatteringly
And urgently, and, worst of all, so basely,
I boil to think it true! Hm! Then that Caedmon
Would get some fair reward for his base trouble;
For nowadays no one will move to do
A favor, if no coins come in return.
Aye! thus it is. A feeling that has not
Yet found a word in mortal speech is born;
Accumulation of fine currency
Doth stimulate the trader to amass so much,
Till, having stored enough, what use to trade,
Since currency will get all things on earth?
Yet, to obtain it, we must lie and flatter,

Ensnare and tempt as any demon doth !
Ah ! there comes Caedmon down the street.

(*Enter Caedmon.*)

Good day !

CAEDMON.

Good day !

CRICHTON.

Thou'rt just the man I want to see.
Well pleased with all the silks I got from you,
I've now decided that I'll take at once
Triple the quantity ; but thy house must
Reduce the cost ; if not, I'll stop trade with ye.

CAEDMON (*aside*).

Something doth work within his mind—a scheme,
Perhaps. (*Aloud.*) 'Tis well. I'll ask my principal.
(*Aside.*) He's sharp ; he wants to make a larger sale
As soon as he has got the silks in store.
(*Aloud.*) If he consents to it, would'st wish them now ?

CRICHTON.

Most certainly. (*Aside.*) I want to start my devil-trade
At once. (*Aloud.*) So, give my favor well to him.

(*Caedmon exit.*)

And when I'll have that triple quantity
I'll get a talker, send him round, and sell
My silks for thrice their value. Aye, and then
In time I will acquire great wealth, although
I steal from them—they ignorant of my schemes !

(Of sudden a spirit appears back of him.)

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

What doth appear around yon man ? Before
His face was all serene, his eyes afire
With tender glow, as on some dreamy sky
At summer even ! But now, his brows are knit,
His eyes grow smaller, and his lips assume
A twirl on either side ; while his fair hands
Tighten as wishing to take hold of something !
Oh ! there I see issuing from his head
A wrinkled shape, half doubled up, and sad
Of mien ; it stayeth near to him ; and now
It singeth. Let me hear its madrigal.

SPIRIT OF GREED.

Ha, ha ! Just born am I.
Of the earth or of the sky ?

I know not.

I feel like gloomy even,
From him I'm never driven ;

I grow not.

But like something that has no evolution
So am I round him, shorn of all ablution.

Ah ! now I feel my name
'Tis coupled to low shame,
Who say it ?

Some influence doth lead
Me on—it is wild greed.

Betray it ?

I can not. To betray my life, 'twould kill me ;
For demons with dishonesty do fill me !

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

'Tis Greed ! new-born in mortal's mind and heart,
Ah ! I must hence ; for where trade lives I die.
Yet can I sweet inhabit souls sublime
Who create ! Hark ! it sings again ! But no,
'Tis he who giveth voice to Greed that prompts him !

CHICHTON.

Ha, ha! Ha, ha! I'll cheat all men—but, tut!
Have I the thumb on all? Nay, nay! As Caedmon
Put me to knowing how to cheat, so will
My scheme be found by others. Ha, ha, ha!
I've given the method wings. Before one month
Is over all will cheat each other. O! Greed,
Like fire, all consuming, thy example
Spreads, where trade's currency is law and life!

SCENE II.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, IN JUNE.

(A concourse of Spirits, under a sequoi tree.)

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

This mossy sward, beneath this tree gigantic,
Insures for this our gathering soft ease.
Be welcome !

SPIRIT OF TIME.

We assemble that each tell
An incident that happed within the year ;
Exchange what each hath noticed when in midst
Of town life, or amongst the country folks.
While solemn stillness broods here in this vale—
Fairest upon this continent—and far
El Capitan stands sentinel heroic ;

And while those sequoi trees outtop the Brothers ;
 While like a muffled seething, like of surf,
 The falls, that come from snow-filled crevices
 Three thousand feet above this shady nook,
 Sound, Spirits! first entone a chorus free—
 Free as the people who have found this vale,
 So we this fond assemblage inaugurate,
 As do the souls whose bodies still command them.
 Sing sweetly and full gloriously !

SPIRITS.

We will.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

God gave to mankind vales and mountains.

Dissatisfied, men dried the streams,
 And built rare gardens with strange fountains,
 And cold rooms, foes to warm sunbeams ;
 Then bred they children proud,
 That since denied God's gifts aloud.

God sowed in human hearts rare friendship,

In human souls he love had sowed ;
 But mankind laughed, and swore true friendship
 To gold, and greed, till vice had glowed ;
 Then sprung from them grim hate
 To all that made them elevate !

Temples were scorned, and marts they flourished ;
Sweet modesty lost all she owned ;
Low passions ruled, all minds were nourished
With selfishness, Mammon was crowned !
And only riches reigned,
While genius died, and true souls waned !

To tell of Mammon's curse we came here ;
To say what Mammon does we sing ;
Of things we saw, heard, felt, we name here ;
To thee, we testimonies bring.
Oh ! Time ! thou smilest now,
Thou knowing all to *thee* must bow !

SPIRIT OF TIME .

I see new shapes, new lineaments, new eyes,
Since last we gathered here in friendly state—
Full fifty years !

SPIRIT OF MODESTY.

I brought with me
From over sea
A child, all wan,
Of misery.
She once was free,
A sweetest one ;

But on a day,
 When good men pray,
 A coward came
 To rob her shame.
 Ah! me! she is
 With wretchedness
 Swathed, as a vale
 With fog's sad bale.
 Once her I owned ;
 Now, cold and pale,
 She roams dethroned.
 She was my sister.
 Ah! me! vice kissed her.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

And thus is Mammon wreathed
 By mankind! Ah! false gods they pray to now.
 Whence cam'st thou, Spirit new with gory face,
 Thy hands cut, and thy bosom lacerated?
 Say, unknown misery!

SPIRIT OF DEVOTEDNESS.

I brought her from the tenement
 Where days and nights in work are spent,
 Far from sweet affluence. There dwell
 All those who work, yet Mammon scorns them ;
 For they are honest, truth they tell,
 And housely devotedness adorns them.

She had a husband and a child.

Though thrifty, luck went all awry ;
The husband saw despair so wild,
Lost mind, and thought his wife must die ;
And in his rage, when men came near
To ask for money for the year,
He killed her, then himself, and left
The child alone—of all bereft !

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Sadder than all

That in years past befell those clans whom flood
Or fire devoured ! And men of great souls bear
That Mammon sways them as wry Satan used
Once in the realm of Heaven ! Ah ! coward men,
Submitting to such fell a sovereign's sword !
Where are there one strong million hearts that beat
In unison to dethrone him ? Where ?

SPIRIT OF COURAGE.

Thou sovran Time ! Most beauteous thou !
I'll tell thee every essay how
I've striven to dethrone such king,
Again fair, God-life to them bring.
Courage is not so feebly grown ;
'Tis Brotherhood that is not blown
A-flame ! So must he rule forever,
Since union fair doth sway them never.

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

Ah ! yea !

Strong Courage says the truth—'tis feeling's glow
 Should rise in all their hearts, then Mammon's spell
 Would lose strength, and sweet Love would bloom again.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

And thou, pale face, like some sad pensioner's
 In vales of solitude, how may such hue
 That seems like death's have stained thy cheeks ? Speak thou !

SPIRIT OF GOODNESS.

Hale Time, she is but newly come to us.
 She was so good on earth, her heart so pure,
 Her soul lit with the light of virtue rare,
 She dreamed of God ! When poverty set fangs
 Upon her all at once, poor body, cold
 It grew, then tried she all good deeds to earn
 A livelihood, but failed ; as no one looked
 Her way, nor showed compassion for her woe.
 One night she lay at corner of a street,
 When but Orion's top-star shows above
 The dun horizon ; then a man passed and saw.
 " Ah ! what a prize ! Ha ha ! she'll make me rich !"
 And spurred by Mammon's influence, he took
 Her frail form in his arms ; and, hailing fast

A vehicle, sat her in it, and soon
Arriving at his house, he warmed her well.
Next morn she woke within a golden room ;
At noon she knew her mistress, and at night
She saw her doom, when, in her last despair,
She cut short her sad life. Ah ! to such depths
Hath Mammon led God's creatures ! Hear her sing !

SPIRIT OF GOODNESS.

When I awoke, the golden things
 Around me seemed so strange,
Then heard I murmurings,
 As in some haunted grange,
And laughters ; then wide open flew the door ;
In came sad girls I never saw before.

Through day I knew he was a fiend ;
 But money could not claim me,
So I was firm to put an end
 To life that was to shame me.
I could not flee ; but God is wonderful ;
I killed myself, to keep for Him my soul !

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Better those days when *deeds* were currency,
 Not gold ; better that character be value
 Of the necessities of life—just as a child
 Reward receives for good behavior ; if so,
 No means to make a virgin sell herself,
 Save for the nobleness of heart or soul ;
 No possibilities that men put prizes
 Upon the charms of girls, nor barter them.
 But he whose deeds are noblest, he may reap :
 And she whose charms are finest, she reap noblest,
 Such would be right !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Oh ! Time ! swoop down upon the world
 As doth an eagle with his wings unfurled,
 Peck at that Mammon, monstrous fiend,
 To his low laws and vices put at an end !
 We know he rules no more at death ;
 But sweeter, larger would man's life be
 Were *character* strange barter's breath ;
 Then would there less of sin and strife be.
 No thing inanimate as gold,
 But some live property of man ;
 Then would no villain be so bold
 To act against God's first fair plan !

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

True, true. My spell is over,
Since gold makes men become like demons low,
And gold is the dissenter of fair home.
Who loves me now? Not even this sweet child,
For ere it be full grown, for gold it asks,
For gold it works; and when death comes, who knows
Of the true meaning of their earthly life?
None! None!

SPIRIT OF TIME.

That line, as like a row of birches
When evening breezes drearily bend their whipples,
Who are they, that they droop their heads in sorrow?

FIRST SPIRIT.

I loved a lovely lass on earth,
And she loved me; but money's worth
Was the high standard of her own;
She married then another one.
Why should I live,
My love to others give?
Nay, either roam o'er mountains wild,
Or die; and now in death I'm reconciled!

MAMMON—A SPIRIT-SONG.

SECOND SPIRIT.

My friends knew that in me
Dwelled a bright genius free ;
I did fair wonders. But no one,
Who money had, would help me on.
Poorer each day ; and winter came.
Although they should have sung my fame,
Not one gold-brain e'en noticed me.
For want of food, I died all wretchedly.

THIRD SPIRIT.

I was a lassie fair—
Sweet, good and debonair,
 In my life's fresh morning.
I thought love was so sweet,
To lie at his own feet,
 All his days adorning.
But vast inheritance,
My father 'tained by chance,
 For me was awaiting ;
So could I marry not
Him who was to my thought ;
 After long debating,
I had to share my fortune with a Lord,
 Whose riches kept us sumptuous-fed,
But who could no true love afford.
 At last from his unloving arms I fled.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

More sadness. Ah! It seems that Mammon's throne
Is decked with blackest lawn as black as berries
Of the yew-tree! Can pleasure there have place
To smile? Or strike the festive chords to song?
Can adoration of God's marvels live
Within a breast? And how can soul-emotion
Find sweet ecstatic thrill when greed hath sway?
There, in yon shadier recess, I see
Oddest expressions, like the fishes blunt
That dash through emerald waves. What means their leer?

SPIRIT OF COMPASSION.

Come forth, ye crazed, ye money-maimed! Come forth!

SPIRITS OF MONEY-MANIA.

Gold and silver tinkle
Sweet as periwinkle.
Ha ha! We mean it very;
With it we buy sherry.
Money is our living;
We are never giving
Any to our fellow-men;
But we use it for ourselves.
We are friend to Ben,
Who has plenty on his shelves.

Gold and silver, they
 Make up all our love and lay.
 Nought we care for science,
 Save that we compliance
 Find with money's lucre ;
 So we play at euchre

SPIRIT OF TIME.

What drivell is't that foams from out their lips ?
 Hush !

SPIRIT OF COMPASSION.

They think but of gold, silver, and pleasure ;
 To study, thoughts sublime, or fair invention,
 They never deign lay down a moment's tribute.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Let them forbear to sing, Compassion fair,
 Pray send them back to earth, till they may see
 Their vanity, to change it for a noble life !

CHORUS.

God never meant that souls of men be filled
 With gain, and greed, and money-lust ;
 But God through contemplation high had willed
 That life be love-enhanced and just.

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

Sweet face of innocence, scarce in thy teens,
What look so horrified enveils thy features?
Tell thy misdeed !

SPIRIT OF YOUNG THIEF.

When I was six years old
My father whipped me hard ;
Yet, when I stole some gold,
He called me his own ward.
So, ere I knew my heart
I had to steal—and steal.
Well, well, that death did thwart
His evil deeds not leal.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Ah ! so hath gold become
A bait for misdeeds, and for youth a curse.
You others, circled round yon broad live-oak,
What was your woe ? For, as it seems, where Mammon sits
No sign of joy is, nor sweet love smiles radiant.

MAMMON—A SPIRIT-SONG.

SPIRIT OF A MISER.

Methought through riches I
 - Could be a king ;
 But all I did, was aye to sigh
 While gold did ring !

SPIRIT OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Methought by wealth I would be free.
 But nay, around
 Me vengeful men I e'er did see,
 And fear I found !

SPIRIT OF SOCIETY HEIRESS.

Methought through money I'd be queen.
 I married well ;
 He ran away ; since, I have been
 In lust's own hell !

SPIRITS OF ROGUES.

We are a jolly set, are we ;
 And gold's our joy ;
 So we but wait to be
 Theft's cute decoy !

SPIRIT OF TIME.

More? More? But doth not fond contentment dwell
Where gold thrives? Must all God had thought of fade
Within those scorching rays from Mammon's crown?
It seems 'tis so!

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

Yes, even at fair health
They point their fingers, so she flees discouraged,
And leaves them withering men, whose locks turn white
Before their time.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Your grievance tell, you men,
Who seem swart, yet have flickering fire in your eyes.

SPIRITS OF FACTORY-MEN.

CHORUS.

Drear and sad our lives have been
Under the feet of harsh capitalists.
Never we fair Right have seen,
Sweating and working all under their fists!
While we have but scanty food,
Swilling in wines they enjoy what we gave
Them through all our laborhood;
Till we must go, life a grudge, to our grave.

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

And there are beauties, with features regular,
Who cast their heads down. Hear how they do mourn !

SPIRITS OF FACTORY-GIRLS.

Had we ever womanhood ?
Nay ! Our brains were left so bare
Of knowledge ; all we understood
Was working at a specialty there.
We had no love, and love ne'er bloomed :
To work like slaves, so were we doomed !

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Oh ! Respite, Peace ! 'Tis too much of distress,
Too much of low disgrace in sight of God.
How can a race arise, fair in high soul,
In intellect, in moral sweet, when growth
Of body and of mind is stunted so
By men who crush their fellows ; and they cringe not.
Oh ! destiny ! Thou'lt know how they shall fare !
What crowds find place 'neath yon high pine ? Speak ! Speak !

SPIRITS OF BRIBERY.

Our country has good laws, yet we
Shun them by using bribery.
Bless Mammon! Gold will hide
The places where vile sins abide!

SPIRIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Full oft the wisest brain
Must starve and craze for want of food;
But ignorance hath gold,
And sits a hero in his moneyhood.

SPIRIT OF FRIENDSHIP.

Money murders friendship true.
Faithful friends they were in youth;
Manhood made one rich, and sooth!
He no more his youth-friend knew!

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

I whispered in a maiden's ear,
But Mammon kept her feelingless;
To sincerity she would not hear,
She only loved her house and dress!

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

We all must die for want of souls.
 Since Mammon reigned no good was blown,
 The evil spirits rule alone,
 And sweet good not one man controls.
 One seeks the wealth of his own kin—
 Naught else they care for now—and all
 Are quick for gold to cheat and sin,
 No matter should the gain be small.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Hush! No more of such dreadful scenes of earth;
 We will dispense with further conference.
 If others, not yet having voiced their woes,
 Are here, no need to sing; for I surmise
 But wretchedness, deceit, and party-rule;
 I know that sadder stories must prevail
 Full-shameful; for where Mammon oft' has made
 One family criminal, there must be others
 Far worse. Hence, Spirits, to your spheres, and hie
 To spirit-realms, where not a breath or hint
 Of Mammon thrives.

CHORUS.

We will, hoar Time, and with us take those poor,
 Frail spirits who have fallen prey to Mammon.

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

Yon fall that is so high that the light breeze
Doth cradle its way along its feet, doth seem
Like men with no stern character nor soul,
Pushed on by Mammon's slightest whiff.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Oh! God!

Thou madest all we see in nature; yet in man
And woman, noblest of thy fair creations, live,
Unknown to Thee, greed, low designs, and theft—
All born of Mammon, he Thine enemy!

INTERLUDE.

MOUNTAINEER'S SONG.

High where the whirlwind
Never can harm me,
Stand I full watchful,
While the views charm me.
Here is fair life,
Man and his wife;
Here the air braces
Bodies and faces;
Here let me be
Wrapped in thought's glee.

Break the low rain-clouds
On my bare ledges;
Builds the proud eagle
Near the crag's edges.
Silence is here;
Never a fear;
Sweet smile the flowers
Through the sun-hours.
High on mount's crest
Pure life is blest.

SCENE III.

(Two Spirits on Goat Island, Niagara Falls, N. Y.)

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Here by these ancient arbor-vitae tall,
Gnarled—riven by small lightning flashes once,
Here let me tell to thee what prestige scant
I have on earth.

SPIRIT OF MARRIAGE.

I'll let my feet dangle down
Just over that Charybdis near the bridge ;
This rock is large so we can now exchange
Thoughts. See that golden-breasted bird, and see
Yon humming-bird bob swiftly 'gainst that bloom.
Now I can well believe that thy sweet kisses
Are seldom taken in true earnest, Love,
Because these hours my influence never prompts them ;

But lovers, at the ominous question halt,
Think ; finding that he can not earn enough,
He must perforce annul the wedding-day.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Yes, I am lost entirely. The girls
Hate me ; for with me binding red rose-garlands
They lose their luxury, their styles and pride.
Oft have I whispered to some blonde maid's soul,
When some young suitor, noble, erudite,
Came pleading, whispered that her heart should leap
For joy supreme, and that she should say " Yea "
To him. But she repulsed me with a laugh,
Snapped fingers at me, smiling : " Why should I
Live for a man—to be his helpmate good ?
Haha ! Men live for us. We wait till they
Can make us queens." Then she refused his suit,
While he roamed all disconsolate over earth.

SPIRIT OF MARRIAGE.

Stranger truth have I for thy wonderment.
One, she was flippant, of flirtatious mood,
Said to me, when I urged her to be married :
" If I can't better my condition—fudge !
Why marry ? " How could womanhood divine
Have made its shrine within such breast ?

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Ah, me!

That Mammon's breath should blight a maiden's heart,
Incrusting it with pride, till love turn cold!
Another incident out of million more;
Young love I sent, till simmered his heart's blood;
All gently, she enjoyed his visits all.
One day, months after courting, he confessed
That he had lost slight sums, at which her voice
Had strangest ring in it—unheard before—
Wonder, contempt, and disappointment, these
Commixed, which, when he felt its strange sound, made
Him shun her, who, when coins were slight, forbore
To love him any more.

SPIRIT OF MARRIAGE.

Contemptible!

Yet they forfeit sweet wedlock—spinsters they—
Foregoing nuptial blisses crowned by love!
Ah! Love! even young children mock at thee;
For me they dote on, so they live in wealth
And husbands treat them like a gold-mine rich,
A bargain only. Listen to this fact:
Sweet eighteen goes with youngling nineteen years;
He's rich; and they ride out in equipage
His own. She falls a victim to the blaze,
The dazzling luxury; and they are wedded,

Unknowing of the hardships of such union ;
Not judges of their hearts or minds ; yet who
Prevents them. All they want is money. Love
Is relegated. Oh ! it is a barter low—
Naught else !

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

And those whom poverty pursues
They wed in ignorance ; yet they bear love
More often.

SPIRIT OF MARRIAGE.

Hast thou heard how they deny
Sweet motherhood, and let their own babes suck
Others' milk, while they bask in Mammon's sun,
Or pledge themselves to pleasure, giddy, shallow.
O Love ! thou art dethroned where gold surrounds
Sweet woman ! Thus she is mercenary grown.
Rare is the true love-match, rarer the kiss
Of virgin, thrilled and strengthened by true love
To live for one to help him, not to lower
His honor by imperious quests for funds.
Marriage is no less all contemptible
Than selling slaves. Our modern girls are set
Upon the social mart ; who hath most money

He takes her to his home, she loving not ;
But giving her sweet body for his wealth ;
Hence she is low.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Tut ! tut ! 'tis a disgrace
To utter such all-despicable tales in sound
Of the grand roar and seething down the river,
And see the spume rise in the channel here ;
Were any child to fall, the churning waters
Would crush it hundred times. And hear the wind,
'Tis swallowed up by the fast-leaping rapids
Back of us. Man made Mammon—God made nature.
Man's wealth is lost when man lies low entombed—
Is worthless to him ; but sweet thought he found
In wilds of woods, or by the sounding sea,
By the imperious falls, untameable ;
And love he caught save in the blooming fields ;
Hence in the stony streets I am unknown,
Since naught but the blue skies are seen, and they,
To most coin-maddened men, have no true being.
Sad ! Sad !

SPIRIT OF MARRIAGE.

We'll dream. There is a mossy nook—
Five arbor vitae, centuries old, are there—
Ten feet away. Come! there is life and love!

INTERLUDE.

SPIRIT OF SWINDLE.

Ere currency had its existence
I was like a drop of dew ;
Since Mammon reigned with cold persistence
Like a cumulus I grew,
And spent my showers on every head on earth,
So each heart felt the desire to cheat have birth.

I am the sly factotum of Mammon ;
All do genuflect to me ;
The king, the statesman and the gammon
Do me slavish reverency.
For through my cunning win I moneys for them ;
Though losses make them poor I fast restore them.

MAMMON—A SPIRIT-SONG.

Ere dishonsty had crept all polluting
 I was like a barren field ;
 But when Mammon all good was uprooting,
 As an Autumn-harvest's yield
 So plentiful my blessings grew on all,
 That each was strong compelled to be my thrall !

SONG OF NIAGARA FALLS.

Pent-up thunder from the storm-clouds
 Are my feet in seething spray and foam ;
 'Gainst my dashing falls they form clouds
 Which, while melting, down the river roam !
 Down, straight, down, falling, falling,
 Are my ten floods roaring to the deep ;
 Shrill, then mournful, calling, calling,
 Are my wild waves when they fall-o'er leap !

Ha ! like Arab steeds, mouths foaming,
 Wildly gallop o'er the knolly plain ;
 So my snow-caps on are roaming
 Far above my fall's white train.
 Down, long, down, toppling, toppling,
 Swashing, seething to the stream below ;
 Whirling, spume and waves are coupling,
 Till they dashing in my whirlpool flow !

I defy the bold explorer,
Somewhere at my feet he must needs die.
I'm the all august adorer
Of the awful power of Destiny.
Trampling, crushing, ever—ever—
All that touches my fall's edge must end ;
Their wild tomb is my wroth river,
To my whirlpool all my spoils I send !

Tempests howling o'er the ocean
Are my feet that trample all to death ;
All my waters in commotion
Wildly pant with sizzling deadly breath.
Down, straight, down, falling, falling,
Are my ten floods swashing to the deep ;
Shrill, then mournful, calling, calling,
Are my mad waves when they fall-o'er leap !

PART III.

CONCLUSION.

A GROVE NEAR SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

Mt. Tamalpais seen through an opening.

SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

Thou here, sweet sister, with the large brown eyes,
The noble brow, the slender neck, and hands so fair—
A man would kiss them? Peace, dear sister mine,
Welcome! This grove of wide, tall live-oaks green,
With their chaste berries in profusion shent,
Well suits our needs, to think on means to try
Induce mankind to lead more just a life,
With love as sweetest prompter. Where are Love
And Time? Where Goodness, and where Calm?

SPIRIT OF PEACE.

They will arrive when Tamalpais casts
His shadow on yon rocks, past noon-time's hour.
Oh ! listen to yon clear, fresh call—three notes—
Distinct ; and now ! a trillering of joy,
As though a gush of crystal waters tinkled
Upon a resonant rock ! Again ; oh ! hark !

SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

The meadow-lark it is. I've heard him oft
Through morning, as he flies from fence to pole,
From wood to flowery sward, his song outpouring,
As if his heart knew never twitch of sorrow,
But his fresh soul showed him sweet paradise.
How noble Tamalpais seems this morn
When azure shines the sky, translucent scuds
Of creamèd foam floating a-lazily,
Breeze-fondled ; and the emerald vale, with copse
Or row of eucalyptus-trees islanded.

SPIRIT OF PEACE.

Dear Progress, there, beyond that sorrel knoll,
With lonely trees dotted, whose sunward side
Breaks the far stretch of the blue Golden-Bay ;
There, 'bove the water's line, I see them move.
Yes, now the knoll they've past, the field they cross,

And here. . . O, Spirits! welcome to this grove.
 In wait are we for you to join our talk.
 Sweet welcome!

*(Spirits of Time, Goodness, Love and Calm gather around
 the two.)*

SPIRIT OF TIME.

As fast as fire-currents through the airs,
 We sped from huge Yosemite to this vale.
 Progress, gold tresses hang down thy fair shoulders,
 True emblem of sincerity. Thy sister,
 Peace, near thee stays; for where thy domain is,
 There must be peace. From our long conference talk
 We knew of all the misery of the world;
 Sad that on God's fair earth designèd wondrous,
 People should murder, cheat, and hate, and sin.
 Unthankful brood! Enow of love of God
 That He had given bounteous store for all;
 Yet all ignore Him! Flowers smile; rare food
 For all in great profusion is, yet all
 Must cheat each other. Nature works
 Alone, man merely needs to help her toil;
 Yet man in ignorance works thrice as hard
 As there is need. Fools that they be, so blind,
 Instead to have invented currency,
 'Twould have been saner to have thought of means
 To lessen work—to raise sweet friendship's charm,

And try to make all men and women fair,
Not murderers, and suicides, and thieves,
Nor made their children forsake their human souls.
Yet here this glorious afternoon, we all
Shall think on new laws, so contentment reign
As erst in Heaven.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

I left a vale of happiness
Some many years ago ; 'twas in the cradle
Of the strange human race—in Assam vale,
Near to the windings of the Ganges old ;
There money was not known ; each worked for love ;
Each worked at things his soul called him to do ;
And art was there, inventions, music, too.

SPIRIT OF PEACE.

But money hath not brought those to their height
Of rare perfection ; oh ! 'twas *my* soft influence !
Mammon incites wars.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

True, my sister all divine !

All harvests stored, kept life full rosy-flushed,
And willingness to help each other, wrought
Sweet union, and families were blessed,
While judgment, moderation, nurtured them,
And reverence to God was all their law.

SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

Mammon had not thought of hard parchment's use,
Nor that by print Knowledge could glow for all !
We Spirits swift inspired those lofty minds,
Who yet would dream on things unseen. We gave
Them what had made them famous in the eyes
Of common men.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

Ah ! in lone dreams man sees
The real, from which with his hands he works,
Till it be visible to eyes whose souls
Have not yet seen it. Quietude alone
Lets high inventors frame their patent rare ;
And e'en a general's quaint strategy
Bursts after thoughtful hours of stillness long.
So, money plays no part in highest work ;
Absorbed, lost to life's common trade and pelf,

The great man doeth wonders only then,
When with his inmost spirit he communes,
As doth sweet summer when the air with heat
Is heaving ; it seems that nature rests, but lo!
All vegetation grows !

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Oh ! would they dream
As in the olden days, more family-life
Would be, where now but vanity corrupts !

SPIRIT OF TIME.

Man is a derelict from the soul-life.
Mammon enchained him to his earthly power,
Mocking at God. And Mammon wrought the thief,
The vagabond, as the great acme-thief
With maskèd face—the multi-millionaire.

SPIRIT OF PEACE.

And poverty, the dross of wealthy men,
Coiled like black reptiles in luxuriant woods
Of the rich South. Where opulence, like glow
From golden jeweled shields of Kandy's horde,
Magic, doth thrive, like shadows, so world's poor
Are but the natural necessity.

Yet though this be all true, let brave soul-men
 Arise, and strong unite to frame new laws ;
 Good life, a just reward ; an evil life,
 Apt penance till the good be born ;
 So till, as doth a gard'ner to his flowers,
 All will be good ; while those who erst were good,
 Beam forth ripe children for the Spirit-world.

SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

Dear sister, thou art right. I only reign,
 When soul with spirit joins to fashion fair
 A work—starlight for those that grope in night !
 Yet all are tethered to proud selfishness—
 Offspring of money ; for if profits were not,
 All would not crave for personal possession,
 But altruistic impulses would move them.
 Disinterestedness to speculation
 Prompts great minds frame some good for all mankind
 By high invention, magistrateship, art,
 Or morals large. And never yet hath money
 Invented steamboats, textile machinery,
 The telephones, or found quick germicides ;
 Nor artist did e'er paint his work of fame
 For money ; music's all sublimest soul
 Was poor, yet from him flowed rare symphony
 Like heaven's harmonies,

SPIRIT OF TIME.

'Twill change with me,
As round my ethereous wheel in boundless space
I turn ; the world will change, and be as erst
It was, in wisdom apt, in largesse of the heart
All generous, in glory of their souls wide-famed.
Their follies they will see, their pride will wane,
And like a sunrise true life burst in splendor !

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

If all their follies would turn pale and die,
Then were I honored once again.

SPIRIT OF CALM.

And all
Would sing their praise to me, as in sweet Eden,
When nature-worship kept their hearts yet calm.

SPIRIT OF PEACE.

And me they would admire ; for war would cease
Its blare and cannon. Fresh of face, and fair
Of form, all would work unmolestedly ;
And, like a flower-crown develops, swelling
Its petals, taking richer colors to them,

So would the world, munificently living,
 And sweet dispensing intellectual charms
 To all around.

SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

Ah! dreams too sweet to last,
 That like a sunset o'er the Pacific's deep
 The crimson clouds, and saffron scuds in sheen,
 Shaped all-fantastic, diffuse their vapors slowly,
 Till gone; so they melt in the far ideal.
 In spite of Mammon's griffon-claws, I hold
 My influence still 'mong men and women there;
 And, spite of trade, my loved ones cling to me;
 For I am mightier still! Mine scorn his clutch;
 Me they prefer; and if the world forsake them,
 My fire in them sustains their flights—they work
 Or die!

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

But me they leave forlorn,

SPIRIT OF CALM.

And leave
 Me lonely; for they run like whirligigs
 With heads unknowing, in flurry, without aim,
 Save to be rich—to die worse than a brute.

SPIRIT OF TIME.

We have considered much that would help man
And woman lead a nobler life—more like
The one God planned. Let whoso wishes hear !
God forces no one ; but 'tis man's own fault
If he doth seek not knowledge in God's works,
For in them lies half hidden all that sooths,
That heals, all that man knows and will know later.
Nature is God's own voice, with myriad words
Articulate—look—think—study—and know ;
Best teacher is the musing soul self-drilled ;
Best text is nature ; read her carefully,
Then will best life glow as a June morn's bloom !

INTERLUDE.

THE PROMISES OF NIGHT.

Soft moonlight, while the summer reigns,
What promise dost thou bear
To those who sing low, lovely strains
To thee, within the tranquil air?

ANSWER.

I show that though the sun is dead,
Not dark is the long night ;
That when the glare of day is fled
There still is life and light !

Stars, glittering in your jewels strong,
What promise whisper ye
To those who sing a hymnal song
'Neath yon far-spreading oaken-tree ?

ANSWER.

We testify to men on earth
That far above the skies
There's room for many a wondrous birth
When man's own body dies!

Thou Night, that never art full dark,
What promise dost thou bear
To those who dreaming, wond'ring heark
To whispers in the tranquil air?

ANSWER.

I show to thinking minds that light
Glowes everywhere; that, though
The day, like life, is dead, the bright
Stars endless Power show!

SCENE II.

(A dale near the outskirts of a town.)

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

O Sister, hast thou seen the face and form
Of Mammon? There, by yon gray city-wall
At times he wanders; then comes singing here,
Reclining in this shade of elms and oaks.
Wait, he must be here soon.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Well, we will hide
Behind this oak-bole. See that squirrel tame,
Its bushy tail as straight as though he played
A wary outpost. List! The linnets carols,
And there the mavis flutes delectably
Like Eos to Lesbian leas.

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

There ! There ! A monster, black and heavy,
Grinning, his lips pressed like a sealed note,
His strides full cautious, and his fretful gaze !

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Is that great Mammon, whom the world adore ?
He hath no brow, nor broad, fair temples high ;
How could he wish to dream on things sublime ?
See his lank hands, his clutch, his shaky tread ;
He totters now.

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

Oh ! Hast thou seen his eye ?
It seemed a leer as from a demon vile ;
It froze me ! There ! There ! He ascends the hill.
O, nearer he grows uglier. See his gaze,
As one whose conscience hath ten crimes to bear ;
His lips move slavishly to deep remorse ;
He bites them.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

List ! He screamed. What are his words ?
Hearken ! He tries to sing, but he doth shriek.

MAMMON—A SPIRIT-SONG.

MAMMON (*sings*):

There is no God with me,
For I am free !
I snatch from God his power
At every hour.
I damn a heart, I curse a soul,
For all are in my firm control !

Ha ha ! My horde is strong,
Remote from song ;
They have no hearts, but have
Powers to deprave.
With them I do infest the land,
Till all must list to my command !

There is no God with me,
For I am free.
My breath corrupts all men ; they kneel
To me for weal ;
For I am like an influence rare—
'Tis here and there, and everywhere !

Ha ha ! Deceit is my one throne ;
With it alone
I blight the world, till children know
What tempts them so.
So generations must fall down
And honor do to my gold-crown !

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

See, sister ! Now he squats himself aground,
Worse than an Iguan—ugly-eyed and formed—
He seems ! He writhes now as in agony.
Oh ! See him startle !

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

See, he rises quickly,
As do affrighted stags when hearing horns
Bugle loud ! His eyes glow ! See him puff up now !
He roars, like dwarfs misshapen, when they hate !

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

O, miserable sight ! Is he the God
The world adores ? But hearken ! Wild he sings !

MAMMON.

These qualms of fear away,
Death snatches from me all my prey ;
I know it. Cursèd Truth that fills
Me with disgust ! Ha ! I must fall
To death a servile thrall ;
He takes my own, and on them spills
Rare essences that change my might
Into soul's hated truth and light !

Yet will I reign on earth
I do control each mind at birth—
 Hoodwinking it! To older minds
 I show the sure success of greed;
 By it one-half are in great need.
 Yet, cheating and stealing, each one finds
That through the homage shown to me
They live in warm prosperity!

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

But no! not all can bow to him who sings
Such wild discordant lays with baseness filled.
Where *is* God's light?

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

I yet have a few souls
That see the splendors of a spirit world
Where all the noble qualities of man prevail—
Naught else, for Mammon was the breeder
Of all the world's low vice, injustice base,
And that all souls lose their sweet purity
In him!

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

High poets still muse of the skies
In vernal glow, or from their fellows' vice
Abjure ; still in the summer woods they dream
Of good, and God, and soul, and death, and all
That helps advancement to their fellowkind.
He leaves the grove now—there—along the wall
He totters. Ah ! blessed are we that he doth turn
Down yonder lane—thus lost to sight.

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

It is
As when the lowery morn with smoke and smells
Made all obnoxious, quickly lifts her mantle,
And, splendent in all glorious sheen, the sun
Bursts forth ! This grove tastes sweeter since he left.
Come, sing with me a hymn to Nature,
Who ever prompts to good and happiness.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

And with such song the minds who still will give
One moment to real life, may so forget
The all-ignoble claims that Mammon sets !

DUET.

Fair in beauty shines great nature,
Blessings shedding on each creature ;
Kingcups by the stream in meadow,
Bluets in the oak tree's shadow,
Roses by the mossèd gorges,
Lilies that sweet summer forges,
They delight the eye of nations !
Rare the radiant red carnations,
Sweet the violets white, love smiling,
Dear the sun-day's warm beguiling,
Cheers are ever in fair nature,
Blessings shedding on each creature !

Though the cold winds treat them roughly,
Though disease grasps them so gruffly,
There are breezes soft as love-breaths ;
Sweet with flower scents are the grove-breaths,
Mountains, plains and shining rivers,
Nooks, where the lone lotus quivers
They soothe hearts of all the nation.
Why not shout in exultation
That the harvests yield forever,
Mines and seas are plenished ever ?
Though sad winter moans and kills them,
Heat doth brood, with new life fills them !

Man and woman, either creature,
Shines a work of loving nature.
Nature gave so prodigally,
Forest, field, and gorge and valley.
Why had man loved only money,
When God gave him vales of honey,
Gave all for the thrift of nations?
Fade the splendors of creations :
Temples gorgeous, music, writings,
All the soul's revered delightings,
Since they chose Mammon for nature,
Who doth care for every creature.

HYMN.

Thou in splendor of the spheres up yonder,
We praise Thee ever and anon ;
Maker of the hail-storm and the thunder,
We know Thee governing the sun.
Erst in Eden, rosy runes went wandering ;
Thy love was planted in man's heart ;
While he kissed her, through the woods meandering,
From both a heavenly joy did part.
Thou in everlasting light, love-reigning,
We trust in all thy loving power ;
Thou did'st never sow on earth man's plaining,
Thou gavest him the brook and flower.
Thou in radiance living in thy Heaven,

Forgive most men their vice and wrong ;
 They who listen to low Mammon's steven,
 But never to the soul's uplifting song !
 Thou in splendor of the spheres up yonder,
 We praise Thee ever and anon ;
 Maker of the hail-storm and the thunder,
 We know Thee governing the sun !

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

Ablution of the soul is hymnal-singing
 Revered ; the skies seem sheeny with applause.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Sister, I feel as though my brow was bathed
 With crystal waters. Fair is song that lifts
 The soul to light, to truth, to the Omnipotent !
 Now we must wander to the conclave high
 That Time had wished it would convene next week
 On Mars. Come ! through the dark, the light, the dimness,
 That live between earth and the warrior star,
 We hie away !

SPIRIT OF HONESTY.

Away from Mammon's reign ;
Away from crime, and vice, and lies, and murder ;
Away from all that deadens heart-beats fair,
From all that veils the soul from high emprise.
We soon shall be upon a world where spirits
Rule—lovingly—God's Love-voice guiding them !

SCENE III.

A DREAM.

It would be fair if on this earth would bloom
Sweet state of life, as once I saw in dream
When young I was. Methought the airs were fraught
With bristling scents, such rising from a fane
Sacred to puissant Vul, in days of old.
All nature seemed a feast in Araby,
When winter leaves the mountains, so they glow
In tepidness, to let the trees have verdure
Upon their twigs ; and Spring laughs all triumphant !
I stood upon a hill that o'erlooked a vale,
With winding streams, and clumps of oak-trees large ;
And there a spire, central within a town
That had no huts ; but all its clean abodes
Shone like rare jewels on the bed of brook ;
And fields—ah ! fertile were they—sparkled round,
That seemed like brightest thoughts in virgin mind !
And swards where cattle grazed, and thick-fleeced sheep
Nibbled, all flourished there—so fair it was,

I wondered! Then I walked down hill, to reach
The city, in whose centre rose the spire.
And there an aged man told me how came
Such perfect state of living in that town :
“ We patriarchs, many of whom stern poets are,
Guide the whole town. Unselfish and unbiased
We keep our people far from harm and sin,
Because we teach the necessaries *first*,
The useless we reserve for years mature.
Schools are for all; there are no classes here ;
To common rights all equal are ; but gifts
Apportioned to a person by high Heaven
Revered are ; and greatest intellects rule others,
Not despot-like, but lovingly, for good
Of all whose powers nature had not blessed
With aptitude or perspicacity.
We care for the whole town, and seek that all
Grow pure in morals, fair in health, and true
To God ; for with these three no woe can be,
Nor pain, disease, stealth, murder, greed, nor vice ;
Since each small fam'ly hath sums for life's prime needs,
So live contentedly ; and it is law
That only four sweet children can they have.
Thus poverty is not. Our motto's strength
Lies not in “ earn your livelihood,” but rests
In the more noble phrase, “ Work, do the best,
According to your gifts ; ” all can expand
Their powers, and thus perfect themselves at will.

Trade doth exist, but 'tis in limits set
By us (for what is trade but a low game
Played by world's idle minds ; and those who lacking
Soul-gifts, or talents, must find means to slay
The weary hours of days, weeks, months and years !) ;
We have a currency admitting no
Foul forgery, nor can it be amassed
So others grow destitute of life's prime needs.
Since there are farmers, those who love such work,
And they receive from us orders for products,
Which we dispose of for the general good.
Their trade entails no profits large, no greed
Incites to swindle ; for the traders know
We superintend them and their barterings.
No speculation is allowed in this our town ;
For that is the fire-pivot round which sin
Swings her own self to a swift morrice-measure,
And so can live. With us the intellect is paid for ;
Not that which caters to the sensuous pleasures—
Be it low humor, or amusement shallow—
Or that which makes of woman a vain parrot,
Unnecessary trinkets, or her dresses
Invaluable. Thus is it that our houses
Seem palaces ; our gardens sweet with care are kept ;
And that thou see'st no huts where ragged men dwell,
Because no one is empty-pursed ; we patriarchs
Provide for each the necessary for their life,
So not an one need hunger, freeze. So wealth

Grows in the homes of those who gifted are
With wit, and cleverness, and high invention ;
But though they live in luxury, self-acquired,
Therefore their less-endowed brothers need
Not hunger, freeze ; because no man can own
So much that his surplus is means to take
Away the food and shelter of his fellow-man ;
Thus is our money, like liquid, feeding all—
Well regulated by us, who are noble-minded,
Even as fathers ! God alone reigns here—
No sects, no strange beliefs—but God alone ;
One Spirit who hath breathed life in us all,
To Him all reverence do. Our temples stand
For winter's use ; when flowers blow in tune
To summer-winds, fair pillared aisles invite
Our own to praise the Maker in the woods,
Where all His influence thrills the heart and soul,
Thus doing good ! Love rules. When lad and lass
Feel mutual fires burn within their hearts,
They wed. So is life fair, and patterned just
For the next state of man—which is sublime.
Not one or two may know of truth, but all !” . . .
I wondered at the city, and I spoke ;
But as my lips did part, so suddenly
All vanished. I lay upon a hill-side fair
Looking upon a mountain-valley green ;
The sun was bursting one blue evening-cloud,
And I was conscious that I had been dreaming,
As all are, on this world that is a dream !

EPILOGUE.

I.

SONG OF DEATH.

I have my coursers strong of icy manes
That marshalled are by crystal winds,
That hold dominion in the dizzy plains
Of space, where Cold his ice-wreaths binds—
My brother Cold,
Whose icy fold

Is where no meteors are, no sunrays warm,
But all is icy air, and icy every storm !

I have my other mansion in the sun,
Whose heat makes crisp cold iron-mounts,
And melts the rocks, and charreth every one,
From whom spurt forth fierce fire-founts—
My brother's ire
Flames in that fire.

He battleth with stiff Cold, and wins always,
For nothing freezes in his scorching, charring rays !

Life is sweet arbitress 'tween Heat and Cold ;
She woos my brothers twain forever ;
But when they friendship with each other hold
For a short while, at once they sever,
And Life's sweet strain
Is all in vain ;
Heat wields his fire-rod, Cold spreads his sheet
Of icy winds, and Life dies at their deadly feet !

So are we ever struggling : shining Life
With Fire and Ice, who are my brothers strong ;
Life dwells on spheres that with mild airs are rife ;
Around, in space, and in the sun, along
The path of space,
With no mild grace,
My brothers rage and I command their breath ;
For when I bid them, they inflict on Life quick death !

II.

LAY OF THE SOUL.

In the dim past men thought I dwelled
 Within their hearts, whose changeful fires
Respond to moods by circumstances spelled ;
 Within their hearts, whose strange desires
They thought controlled their whole
Strange being ; thus they called me changeful soul.

Hence would they grasp at hearts at death,
 Thinking their dead one's soul they stored
Away. But now men place a laurel wreath
 Around the forehead, mind-adored ;
For dreamers felt my sway
Within their head, when poets spoke their lay !

Yet are they sure, these modern men ?
 As sure as saying where the scent
Of violet lives within the glen.
 I am to all yet wonderment ;
For I am life and mind,
Which are as strange as scent or whispering wind !

III.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS THAT BRING SWEETNESS TO LIFE.

Who loves not earth
 When love and mirth
Dance hand in hand
 Through all the flower smiling land?
Then sweet is birth,
 To grow in worth
 When years show how
With goodness life is more aglow!

Who cares for gold
 When round love's fold
Health, happiness,
 The wedded pair with children bless?
Then ill-will's hold,
 And theft's wry mould,
 Die with distress,
And Life dreams in her lily-dress!

Who loves not life
 With child and wife,
And nature's store,
 Lustrous and fair at their own door?
Then hated strife,
 With sin so rife,
 Are all unknown—
All wish their fellows good alone !

Who cares for crime,
 When all the time
Love, health, good, truth,
 Are laws, and never lose their youth?
Then turns woe's grime
 To a golden clime,
 And nature's Youth
Proclaims the Godhead's lasting truth.

IV.

THE TRUMPET-HYMN OF GILEAD.

Man on earth is slave to greed and wealth ;
Crime enthralles him, he grows fat on stealth.

Man rejoice,
Thou hast the choice :
Living for thy body, full of woe,
Living for thy soul, so full of glow !

Man who loves his soul hath honesty ;
God loves him, he lives all gloriously,
Man, take heed,
Forsake thy greed,
Listen to the voices in thy soul,
They are with thee at life's earthly goal !

FINIS.

SONNETS.



BE CONTENT.

Thou poet, and thou artist, be consoled !
 Though you outsoar the commonplace at times,
 Oblivious of the facts in earthly climes—
Ignoring tales fit for the worldly fold ;
Though people criticize your heavenly lays,
The throng would wish some humor and plain songs—
Do as your genius bids—for praise belongs
To him who doeth as fair Heaven says !

Ah ! though the world that lives intent on gain—
 Or cares but seeing time-worn commonplace—
 Doth chide you for your scenes with larger grace
Or doth forsake your higher, nobler strain—
Content yourselves—the world ne'er soulward soars—
But you have silent *heavenly auditors* !

SONNET.

“Strange, strange it is, that man o’er yonder cares
Naught for the gold that men take from the mine;
Nor gazes he at all our common wares—

He proves that there’s in man a soul divine.”
So spake he, as he bent o’er desk and book
And counted all the money in the drawer;
Then came another—a twinkle in his look—
And said for once a truth from out his core :

“Yea, yea, what would this world be with us only;
Who live and work but for a gain—a penny.
We know him shunned by most—and he is lonely,
Yet he hath gifts of Heaven more prized than any,
For he from God hears stories fair and great,
For which we common men in vain do wait.”

SONNET.

We give our children names, and to the woods
And streams, and various creatures on this earth ;
For in the human mind fair speech's birth
Came, like a sunrise to South-solitudes.
That is man's superiority so fair
O'er any creature. For none hath such strong power
Like man, his various fellow-mates to dower
With names as we the lion or the hare.

Thus man with stranger powers had been gifted
Than any animal or brute or tame ;
For man alone from birth has always lifted
His voice, articulate with godly name.
And we alone are *conscious* of life's end—
For powers divine with all our thinking blend.

NIAGARA,

CANADIAN SIDE.

Niagara's fair Western Shore is girt
With rock and crumbled stones and shrub and tree.
There have I wandered with no company
Save thoughts, and sadness. Down-trickling springs, by wort,
Dwarf-cresses, rare forget-me-nots, and phlox
Fore'er caressed, are there. And 'gainst the gloom
Of green, a columbine in carmine-bloom
Flashes ; while many clamber up the rocks
That lie like fallen giants in some pass
Of wild Olympos. Various trees grow there
In gulches ; and the rose, and ferns so fair,
And ever are they lulled to slumbers low
By sullen surge and thundertone, where flow
Wide waters down in one frilled snowy mass !

JESUS CHRIST.

O World, that houndeth such that deem to be
Ambassadors of God while they're alive
In ages past, dost now full tribute give
To Jesus, though years back but mockery
Was thine—what care I for your songs of worth !
You sing to him whom you had crucified ;
He said He was a prophet, yet He died
By your own hands the vilest death on earth !
Ah, World ! were I your poet, proud as He,
At my high words you would inflict upon me
Rash judgment—yet you would not crown me !
Yet in the days of my posterity
Perchance my precedents will sing me praise,
As you to Jesus *now* your hymnals raise !

SAD!

The expense of power for a gain of weak,
Strange issue is the saddest action here.
What depths of joy—what wells of united cheer
Were wasted! and what trouble till he speak—
To rear him so he grow to manhood's bloom.
Ah! many wayward children, by waste of power
Of uncouth parents, have as earthly dower
Imperfect minds and ugliness, sad doom!

Who mate with them? they walk alone through life;
Their manners strange evoke no warmful love.
Ah! have you seen the poison plant in grove
Of Lesbos—shunned by birds with love-notes rife?
So are those issues got by wasted powers—
They are like weeds in beds of beauteous flowers!

BELOW THE DEPTHS OF THOUGHT.

The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed amain,
One night, when at the church gate lone I stood,
And heard some words (meant for the people's good);
Not entering, I listened, when again
The lightning lit the air with fulvid glow.
My thoughts descended below the depths of thought :
How could the preacher know how life was wrought ?
Why preached he so presumptuously to show
That life was to prepare to sternly face
Great God ? Had he the knowledge of the seven
Great hierarchs ? Had he found the fields of Heaven ?
Had he permission thus to say high grace,
When at the church-gate stood a poet wild,
Who from creation's dawn was God's own child ?

THE DREAMER.

Think not that he who dreams leads useless hours,
Reaps phantasms wild, or sees unnatural things.
His days are given to Truth who daily brings
Him nearer to the seat of God's own Powers.
Ah, surely, you who battle hard for gain,
Who drudge for emolument, or seek for wealth—
You dream, dream all day, till like silent stealth
Comes death, and makes your battle all so vain!

What need to give to Death your hard-earned gold,
Or stand before your Maker with your fame?
Surely you dreamed—to you life seemed a game,
When lo—the dreamer had of life true hold ;
He dreamed, as you thought, *useless* dreams through day,
When lo! he *learned* through *thought* to God the Way!

GIBRALTAR.

(SEEN FROM THE WEST BAY.)

Thou mayest laugh to scorn thine enemies—
Proud lion, crouching in the deep blue sea!
With face gigantic turned defiantly
Towards all those mountains that like panoplies
Protect that lazy, villainous Spanish crowd,
Thy tail lashing the straits where strangers may
In vain their fleets raise 'gainst thee, whose sure sway
Doth make thy shape colossal more than proud.

How daringly dost lie, when huge, grim clouds
Roll darkling o'er thee; and the cappy sea
Doth rush its swells against thy ramparts strong;
Then turn thy face towards those scorned piteous crowds
Across the neutral tongue defiantly;
For so thou'lt be for aye—and long, and long!

SONNET.

Come to my home, by stilly lake built fair,
When, one hour after sundown, glows the moon
Girt with jewelled gold, and with bright sandal-shoon.
And, drear, the gloaming fills the still balm-air.
Then, in the dusky room sit thou near me,
Where I am dreaming on the piano-stool—
Then dream—for with closed eyes, I break all rule,
And play for thee some rarest melody :
I close my eyes—the room is dark as night.
But, like a master's melodies, I play,
Inspired, what through my soul doth find a way :
Tunes perfect—sweet or wild—or sad or bright.
For while I'm blind, and night lies o'er the lands,
Beethoven's genius guides my yielding hands !

TO THE PIANO.

To thee as to a wife, so long not seen,
I may return yet, ere I lonely die ;
To spell thy keys with languorous melody—
And place strong, stirring war-songs in between.
As on a wife's soft heart, on thee I'll lean,
And tender thee kiss-tributes fraught with glee—
O piano, from thy keys, touched feelingly,
There'll bloom my songs again with olden sheen :
As birds sing out their jubilant notes in May,
All after months of dreary, flowerless hours—
How lubricant and clear sounds each bird-lay ;
Methinks each throat is thrilled with powers—
O such that I shall feel there in my soul,
When from thee, piano, symphonies will roll !
(Written in R.R. car, near Biskra.)

THE WORLD'S LAWS.

A crime committed by a single man
Finds penalty severe ; but nations kill
Their brothers on the battle-fields, and still
Their politics connive such lowest plan.
The nation wears a badge ; and in the van
Of all the others, for its murd'rous skill
Wild-praised, it marches, as though the law, a-thrill,
Gave each cold murderer the name of Man !

Such laws obtain ? Are judges thoughtful ? Nay.
Yet inconsistency is mankind's law,
Injustice scratches Justice with its claw,
And this is true : when men in battle's fray
Murder—they get a badge ; when man alone
Commits a crime—death-sentence is his own !

THE SONNET'S CHARM.

There is a charm to thee, fair Sonnet thou !

A charm that summer hath ; or woman's own
When she's a-bath with her dear babe, alone
In some cool nook. Thou hast a pensive brow.
I think thee like some Autumn-laden bough
Blushing to the stern sun ! Like clouds full-blown
At afternoon, that, stately sailing, throne
Upon June's perfect azure sky, so thou !

No flippancy is thine ; no catch's tunes

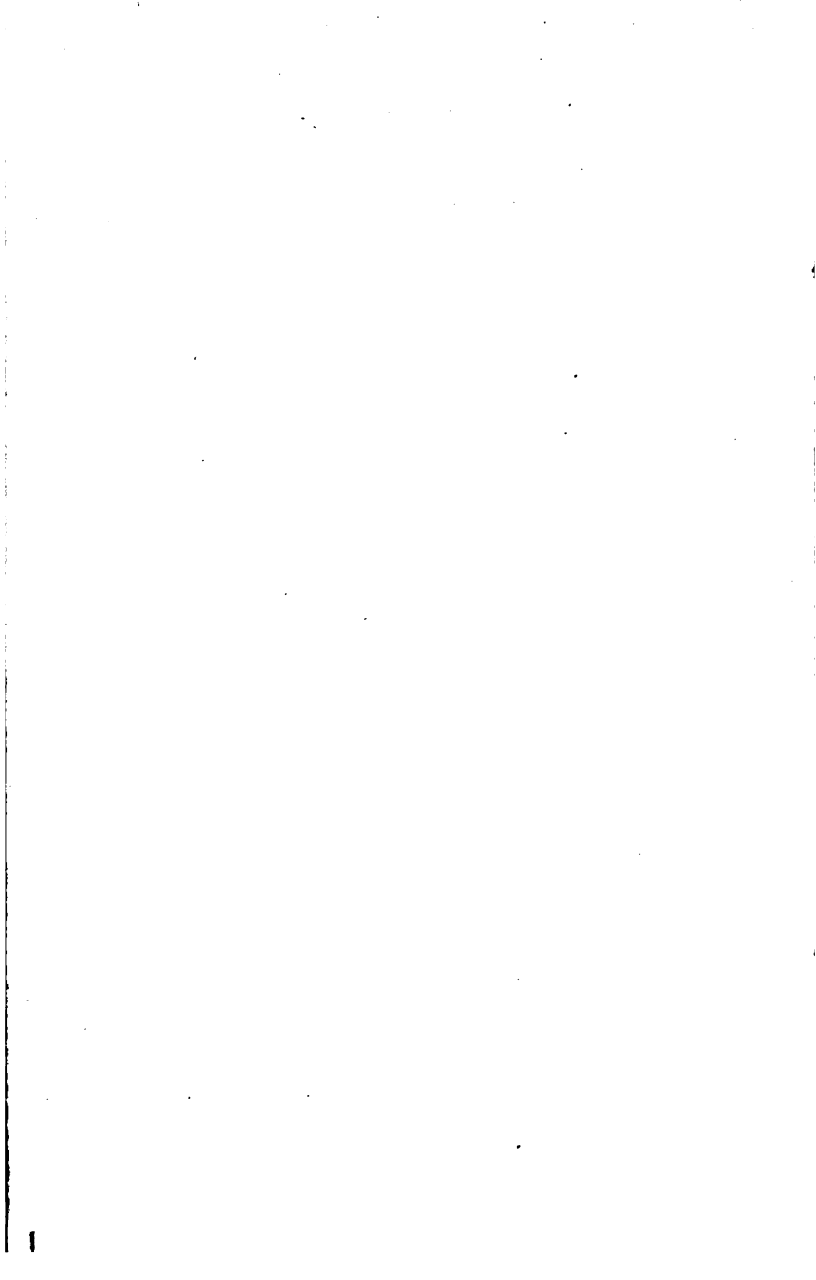
May be thy theme ; naught that is frivolous.
But thou like woman must be glorious !
Be charmed by perfumes of our richest Junes.
O Sonnet, thou art sober as the sound
Of organ-tone, thy sooth is God-profound !

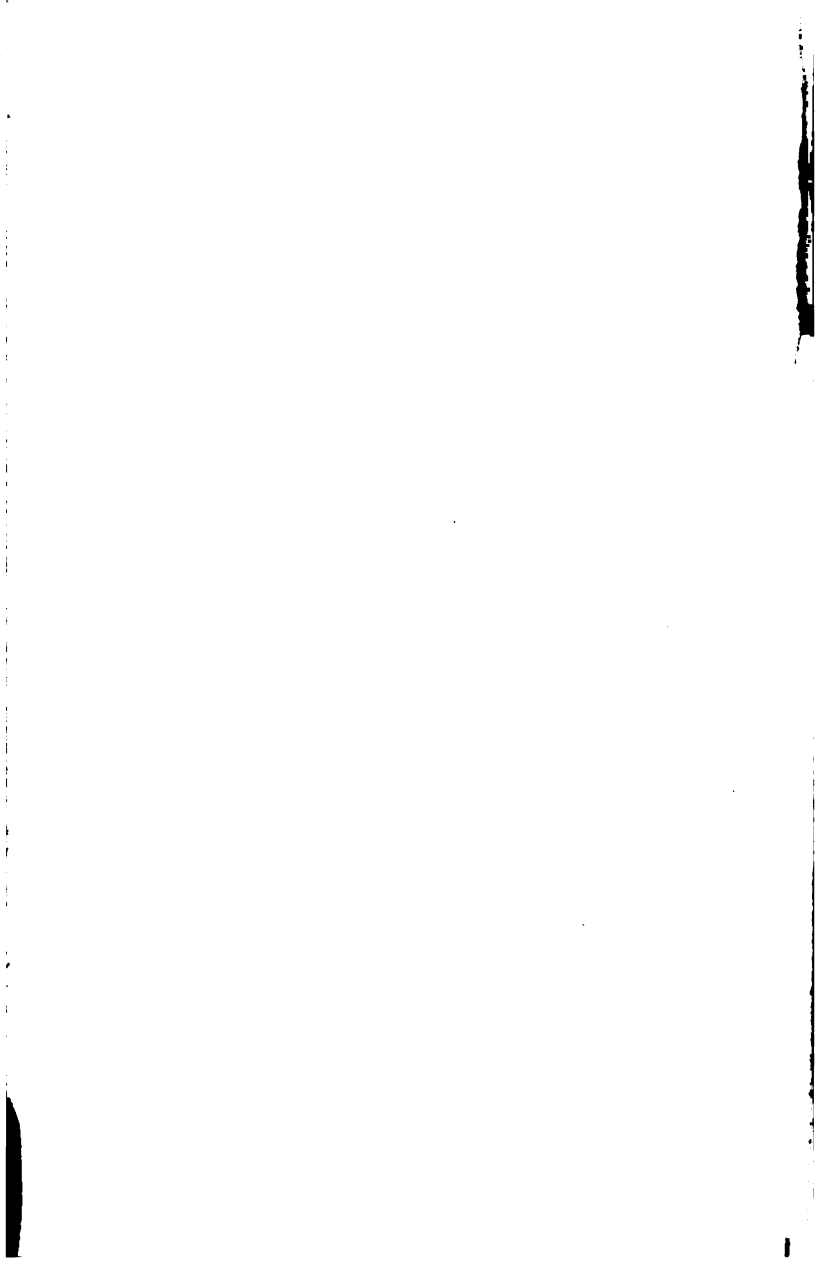
SOUL-SONG.

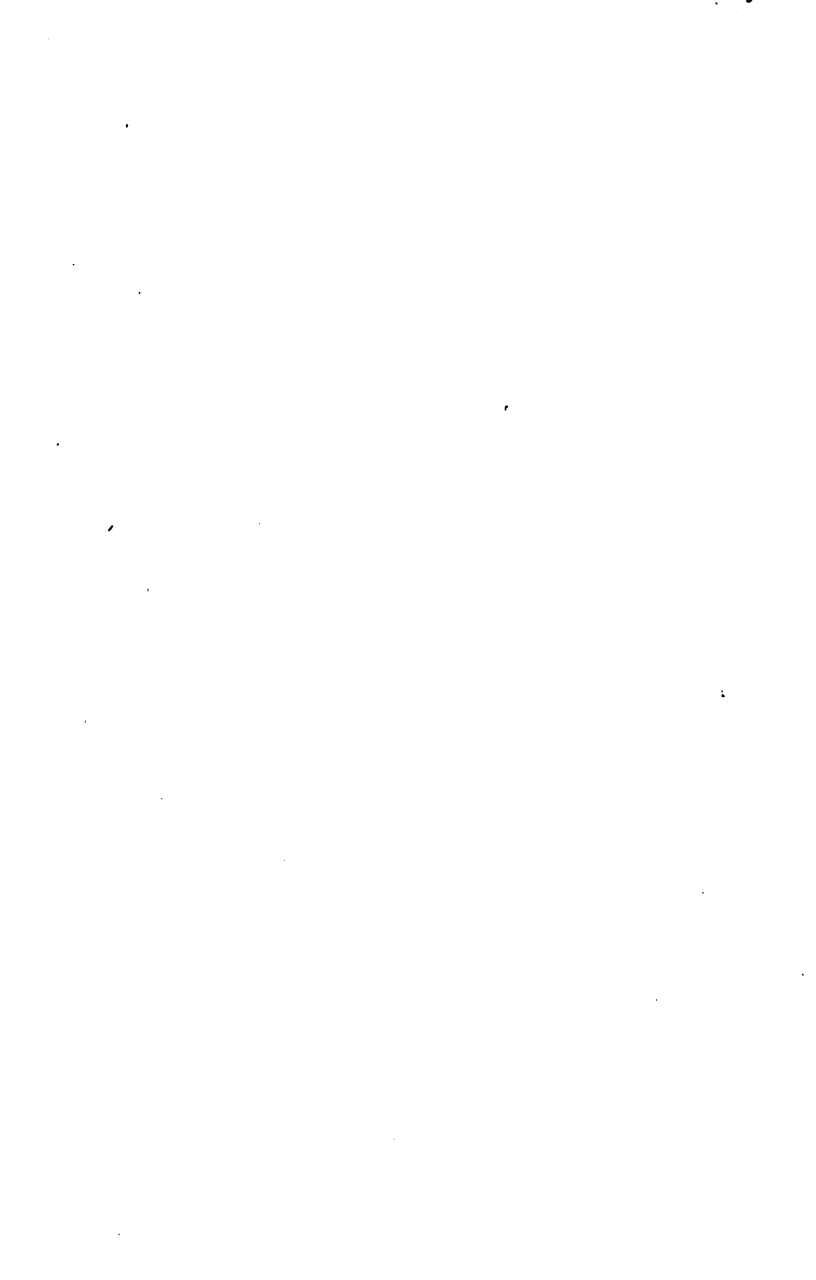
O Soul, I cherish thee !
For, at death's hour,
Thy glow I take with me
To Heaven's bower !

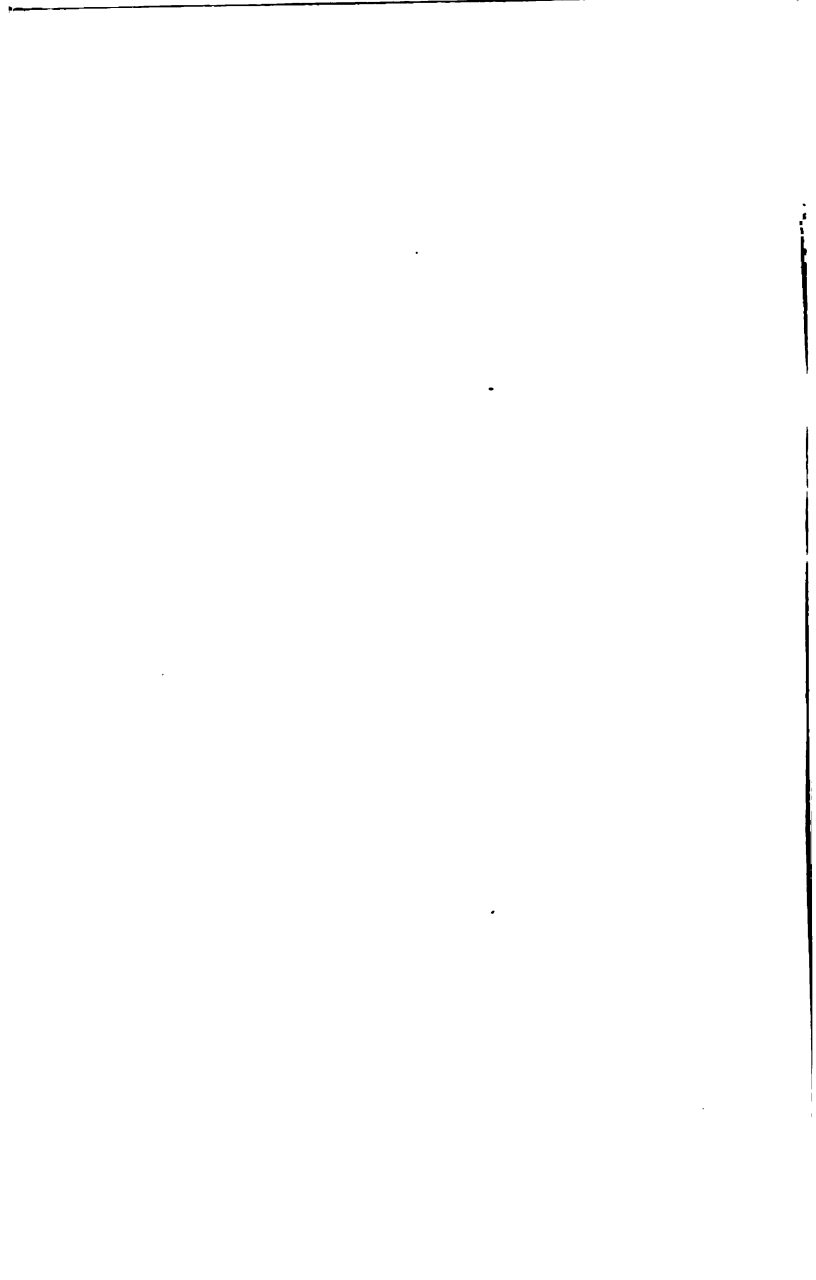
Why hoard man's sordid gold—
At death it stays
Within another's fold—
Far from my ways.

O Soul, I love alone
To be thy friend ;
At death, my gold hath gone ;
Thou hast no end !











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